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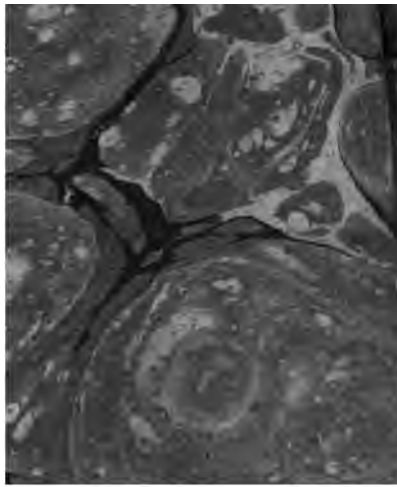

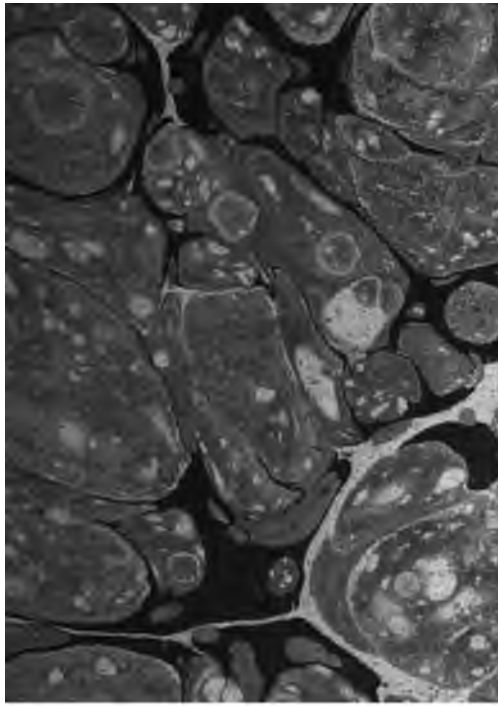

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POEMS,

BY

WILLIAM COWPER,

Of the Inner Temple, Esq.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON.

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE hiſtory of the following production is briefly this: A lady, fond of blank verſe, demanded a poem of that kind from the author, and gave him the SOFA for a ſubject. He obeyed; and, having much leiſure, connected another ſubject with it; and purſuing the train of thought, to which his ſituation and turn of mind led him, brought forth at length, inſtead of the trifle which he at firſt intended, a ſerious affair—a Volume.

In the Poem on the ſubject of Education, he would be very ſorry to ſtand ſuſpected of having aimed his cenſure at any parti-

art there is, wilful neglect in thoſe
anage them, and an omiſſion even
ı diſcipline as they are ſuſceptible
: objects are yet too numerous for
: attention; and the aching hearts
thouſand parents, mourning under
ereſt of all diſappointments, atteſt
th of the allegation. His quarrel
re is with the miſchief at large
ot with any particular inſtance

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THE TASK,

A POEM.

BOOK I.

THE TASK.

BOOK I.

THE SOFA.

SING the Sofa. I, who lately ſang
uth, Hope, and Charity *, and touched with awe
ıe ſolemn chords, and with a trembling hand,
caped with pain from that adventurous flight,
ow ſeek repoſe upon an humbler theme;
ıe theme though humble, yet auguſt and proud
ıe occaſion—for the Fair commands the ſong.

Time was, when clothing ſumptuous or for uſe,
ve their own painted ſkins, our fires had none.
ı yet black breeches were not; ſatin ſmooth,
: velvet ſoft, or pluſh with ſhaggy pile:

* See Poems, vol. I.

Fearleſs of wrong, repoſed his weary
Thoſe barbarous ages paſt, ſucceeded
The birth-day of invention; weak at
Dull in deſign, and clumſy to perform
Joint-ſtools were then created; on th
Upborne they ſtood. Three legs uph
A maſſy ſlab, in faſhion ſquare or ro
On ſuch a ſtool immortal Alfred ſat,
And ſwayed the ſceptre of his infant
And ſuch in ancient halls and manſi
May ſtill be ſeen; but perforated for
And drilled in holes, the ſolid oak is
By worms voracious eating through

At length a generation more refin
Improved the ſimple plan; made th
Gave them a twiſted form vermicul
And over the ſeat, with plenteous w

Lap-dog and lambkin with black ſtaring eyes,
And parrots with twin cherries in their beak.

Now came the cane from India ſmooth and bright
With Nature's varniſh; ſevered into ſtripes,
That interlaced each other, theſe ſupplied
Of texture firm a lattice-work, that braced
The new machine, and it became a chair.
But reſtleſs was the chair; the back erect
Diſtreſſed the weary loins, that felt no eaſe;
The ſlippery ſeat betrayed the ſliding part,
That preſſed it, and the feet hung dangling down,
Anxious in vain to find the diſtant floor.
Theſe for the rich; the reſt, whom fate had placed
In modeſt mediocrity, content
With baſe materials, ſat on well-tanned hides,
Obdurate and unyielding, glaſſy ſmooth,
With here and there a tuft of crimſon yarn,
Or ſcarlet crewel, in the cuſhion fixt,
If cuſhion might be called, what harder ſeemed
Than the firm oak, of which the frame was formed.
No want of timber then was felt or feared
In Albion's happy iſle. The lumber ſtood
Ponderous and fixt by its own maſſy weight.
But elbows ſtill were wanting; theſe, ſome ſay,

ut rude at firſt, and not with eaſy ſlope
eeding wide, they preſſed againſt the ribs
nd bruiſed the ſide; and, elevated high,
aught the raiſed ſhoulders to invade the ea
ong time elapſed or ever our rugged fires
omplained, though incommodiouſly pent
nd ill at eaſe behind. The ladies firſt
Gan murmur, as became the ſofter ſex.
ingenious fancy, never better pleaſed
han when employed to accommodate the
Heard the ſweet moan with pity, and devi
The ſoft ſettee; one elbow at each end,
And in the midſt an elbow it received,
United yet divided, twain at once.
So ſit two kings of Brentford on one thron
And ſo two citizens who take the air,
Cloſe packed, and ſmiling, in a chaiſe and
But relaxation of the languid frame,

Thus firſt neceſſity invented ſtools,
Convenience next ſuggeſted elbow-chairs,
And luxury the accompliſhed SOFA laſt.

The nurſe ſleeps ſweetly, hired to watch the ſick,
Whom ſnoring ſhe diſturbs. As ſweetly he,
Who quits the coach-box at the midnight hour
To ſleep within the carriage more ſecure,
His legs depending at the open door.
Sweet ſleep enjoys the curate in his deſk,
The tedious rector drawling over his head;
And ſweet the clerk below. But neither ſleep
Of lazy nurſe, who ſnores the ſick man dead,
Nor his, who quits the box at midnight hour
To ſlumber in the carriage more ſecure,
Nor ſleep enjoyed by curate in his deſk,
Nor yet the dozings of the clerk, are ſweet,
Compared with the repoſe the SOFA yields.

Oh may I live exempted (while I live
Guiltleſs of pampered appetite obſcene)
From pangs arthritic, that infeſt the toe
Of libertine exceſs. The SOFA ſuits
The gouty limb, 'tis true; but gouty limb,
Though on a SOFA, may I never feel:
For I have loved the rural walk through lanes

f thorny boughs; have loved the rural wa
ver hills, through vallies, and by rivers' b
ver ſince a truant boy I paſſed my bounds
o enjoy a ramble on the banks of Thames
nd ſtill remember, nor without regret
f hours, that ſorrow ſince has much ende
ow oft, my ſlice of pocket ſtore conſumed
till hungering, pennyleſs, and far from hor
fed on ſcarlet hips and ſtony haws,
r bluſhing crabs, or berries, that imboſs
he bramble, black as jet, or ſloes auſtere.
lard fare! but ſuch as boyiſh appetite
liſdains not; nor the palate, undepraved
y culinary arts, unfavory deems.
lo SOFA then awaited my return;
for SOFA then I needed. Youth repairs
lis waſted ſpirits quickly, by long toil
ncurring ſhort fatigue; and, though our y

That mounts the ſtile with eaſe, or leaps the fence,
That play of lungs, inhaling and again
Reſpiring freely the freſh air, that makes
Swift pace or ſteep aſcent no toil to me,
Mine have not pilfered yet; nor yet impaired
My reliſh of fair proſpect; ſcenes that ſoothed
Or charmed me young, no longer young, I find
Still ſoothing, and of power to charm me ſtill.
And witneſs, dear companion of my walks,
Whoſe arm this twentieth winter I perceive
Faſt locked in mine, with pleaſure ſuch as love,
Confirmed by long experience of thy worth
And well-tried virtues, could alone inſpire—
Witneſs a joy that thou haſt doubled long.
Thou knoweſt my praiſe of nature moſt ſincere,
And that my raptures are not conjured up
To ſerve occaſions of poetic pomp,
But genuine, and art partner of them all.
How oft upon yon eminence our pace
Has ſlackened to a pauſe, and we have borne
The ruffling wind, ſcarce conſcious that it blew,
While admiration, feeding at the eye,
And ſtill unſated, dwelt upon the ſcene.
Thence with what pleaſure have we juſt diſcerned
The diſtant plough ſlow moving, and beſide
His labouring team, that ſwerved not from the track,

Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
Delighted. There, fast rooted in their ban
stand, never overlooked, our favourite elms
That screen the herdsman's solitary hut;
While far beyond, and overthwart the strea
That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale,
The sloping land recedes into the clouds;
Displaying on its varied side the grace
Of hedge-row beauties numberless, square t
Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerfu
ust undulates upon the listening ear,
Groves, heaths, and smoking villages, rem
Scenes must be beautiful, which daily view
Please daily, and whose novelty survives
Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years.
Praise justly due to those that I describe.

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore

And lull the ſpirit while they fill the mind;
Unnumbered branches waving in the blaſt,
And all their leaves faſt fluttering, all at once.
Nor leſs compoſure waits upon the roar
Of diſtant floods, or on the ſofter voice
Of neighbouring fountain, or of rills that ſlip
Through the cleft rock, and, chiming as they fall
Upon looſe pebbles, loſe themſelves at length
In matted graſs, that with a livelier green
Betrays the ſecret of their ſilent courſe.
Nature inanimate employs ſweet ſounds,
But animated nature ſweeter ſtill,
To ſooth and ſatisfy the human ear.
Ten thouſand warblers cheer the day, and one
The livelong night: nor theſe alone, whoſe notes
Nice-fingered art muſt emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that ſwim ſublime
In ſtill repeated circles, ſcreaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and even the boding owl,
That hails the riſing moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themſelves and harſh,
Yet heard in ſcenes where peace for ever reigns,
And only there, pleaſe highly for their ſake.

Peace to the artiſt, whoſe ingenious thought
Deviſed the weather-houſe, that uſeful toy!

Too weak to ſtruggle with tenacious
Or ford the rivulets, are beſt at home,
The taſk of new diſcoveries falls on n
At ſuch a ſeaſon, and with ſuch a ch
Once went I forth; and found, till th
A cottage, whither oft we ſince repai
'Tis perched upon the green-hill top,
Environed with a ring of branching e
That overhang the thatch, itſelf unſe
Peeps at the vale below; ſo thick bel
With foliage of ſuch dark redundant ſ
I called the low-roofed lodge the *pea*
And, hidden as it is, and far remote
From ſuch unpleaſing ſounds, as hau
In village or in town, the bay of curs
Inceſſant, clinking hammers, grindin
And infants clamorous whether pleaſ
Oft have I wiſhed the peaceful coverl

Dearly obtains the refuge it affords.
Its elevated ſcite forbids the wretch
To drink ſweet waters of the cryſtal well;
He dips his bowl into the weedy ditch,
And, heavy-laden, brings his beverage home,
Far fetched and little worth; nor ſeldom waits,
Dependant on the baker's punctual call,
To hear his creaking panniers at the door,
Angry and ſad, and his laſt cruft conſumed.
So farewell envy of the *peaſant's neſt!*
If ſolitude make ſcant the means of life,
Society for me!—thou ſeeming ſweet,
Be ſtill a pleaſing object in my view;
My viſit ſtill, but never mine abode.

Not diſtant far, a length of colonnade
Invites us. Monument of ancient taſte,
Now ſcorned, but worthy of a better fate.
Our fathers knew the value of a ſcreen
From ſultry ſuns: and, in their ſhaded walks
And long protracted bowers, enjoyed at noon
The gloom and coolneſs of declining day.
We bear our ſhades about us; ſelf-deprived
Of other ſcreen, the thin umbrella ſpread,
And range an Indian waſte without a tree.

: obſolete prolixity of ſhade.

ɛſcending now (but cautious, left too faſt
idden ſteep upon a ruſtic bridge
paſs a gulph, in which the willows dip
r pendent boughs, ſtooping as if to drink.
ɔe, ancle deep in moſs and flowery thym
mount again, and feel at every ſtep
foot half ſunk in hillocks green and ſoft,
:d by the mole, the miner of the ſoil,
not unlike the great ones of mankind,
gures earth: and, plotting in the dark,
much to earn a monumental pile,
may record the miſchiefs he has done.

: ſummit gained, behold the proud alcov
crowns it! yet not all its pride ſecures
rand retreat from injuries impreſſed

In characters uncouth, and ſpelt amiſs.
So ſtrong the zeal to immortalize himſelf
Beats in the breaſt of man, that even a few
Few tranſient years, won from the abyſs abhorred
Of blank oblivion, ſeem a glorious prize,
And even to a clown. Now roves the eye;
And, poſted on this ſpeculative height,
Exults in its command. The ſheep-fold here
Pours out its fleecy tenants over the glebe.
At firſt, progreſſive as a ſtream, they ſeek
The middle field; but, ſcattered by degrees,
Each to his choice, ſoon whiten all the land.
There from the ſun-burnt hay-field homeward creeps
The loaded wain; while, lightened of its charge,
The wain that meets it paſſes ſwiftly by;
The booriſh driver leaning over his team
Vociferous, and impatient of delay.
Nor leſs attractive is the woodland ſcene,
Diverſified with trees of every growth,
Alike, yet various. Here the gray ſmooth trunks
Of aſh, or lime, or beech, diſtinctly ſhine,
Within the twilight of their diſtant ſhades;
There, loft behind a riſing ground, the wood
Seems ſunk, and ſhortened to its topmoſt boughs.
No tree in all the grove but has its charms,
Though each its hue peculiar; paler ſome,

)t deeper green the elm; and deeper ruin,
.ord of the woods, the long-ſurviving oak.
ſome gloſſy-leaved, and ſhining in the ſun,
The maple, and the beech of oily nuts
?rolific, and the lime at dewy eve
)iffuſing odours: nor unnoted paſs
The ſycamore, capricious in attire,
Now green, now tawny, and, ere autumn j
Have changed the woods, in ſcarlet honou
)ver theſe, but far beyond (a ſpacious map
)f hill and valley interpoſed between),
The Ouſe, dividing the well-watered land,
Now glitters in the ſun, and now retires,
As baſhful, yet impatient to be ſeen.

Hence the declivity is ſharp and ſhort,
And ſuch the re-aſcent; between them we
A little naiad her impoveriſhed urn
All ſummer long, which winter fills again.

Communicative of the good he owns,
Admits me to a ſhare; the guiltleſs eye
Commits no wrong, nor waſtes what it enjoys.
Refreſhing change! where now the blazing ſun?
By ſhort tranſition we have loſt his glare,
And ſtepped at once into a cooler clime.
Ye fallen avenues! once more I mourn
Your fate unmerited, once more rejoice
That yet a remnant of your race ſurvives.
How airy and how light the graceful arch,
Yet awful as the conſecrated roof
Re-echoing pious anthems! while beneath
The checquered earth ſeems reſtleſs as a flood
Bruſhed by the wind. So ſportive is the light
Shot through the boughs, it dances as they dance,
Shadow and ſunſhine intermingling quick,
And darkening and enlightening, as the leaves
Play wanton, every moment, every ſpot.

And now, with nerves new-braced and ſpirits cheered,
We tread the wilderneſs, whoſe well-rolled walks,
With curvature of flow and eaſy ſweep—
Deception innocent—give ample ſpace
To narrow bounds. The grove receives us next;
Between the upright ſhafts of whoſe tall elms
We may diſcern the threſher at his taſk.

...g ... rends up a frequent miſt
atoms, ſparkling in the noon-day beam.
ne hither, ye that preſs your beds of dow
l ſleep not; ſee him ſweating over his bre
ore he eats it.—'Tis the primal curſe,
ſoftened into mercy; made the pledge
heerful days, and nights without a groan

r ceaſeleſs action all that is ſubſiſts.
tant rotation of the unwearied wheel
nature rides upon maintains her health,
eauty, her fertility. She dreads
ſtant's pauſe, and lives but while ſhe mo
rn revolvency upholds the world.
s from all quarters agitate the air,
it the limpid element for uſe,
oxious; oceans, rivers, lakes, and ſtream
l the freſhening impulſe, and are cleanſed
leſs undulation: even the oak

He held the thunder: but the monarch owes
His firm ſtability to what he ſcorns,
More fixt below, the more diſturbed above.
The law, by which all creatures elſe are bound,
Binds man the Lord of all. Himſelf derives
No mean advantage from a kindred cauſe,
From ſtrenuous toil his hours of ſweeteſt eaſe.
The ſedentary ſtretch their lazy length
When cuſtom bids, but no refreſhment find,
For none they need: the languid eye, the cheek
Deſerted of its bloom, the flaccid, ſhrunk,
And withered muſcle, and the vapid ſoul,
Reproach their owner with that love of reſt,
To which he forfeits even the reſt he loves.
Not ſuch the alert and active. Meaſure life
By its true worth, the comforts it affords,
And their's alone ſeems worthy of the name.
Good health, and, its aſſociate in the moſt,
Good temper; ſpirits prompt to undertake,
And not ſoon ſpent, though in an arduous taſk;
The powers of fancy and ſtrong thought are their's;
Even age itſelf ſeems privileged in them,
With clear exemption from its own defects.
A ſparkling eye beneath a wrinkled front
The veteran ſhows, and, gracing a gray beard

:heſt retires—an idol, at whoſe ſhrine
o ofteneſt ſacrifice are favoured leaſt.
: love of Nature, and the ſcenes ſhe draws,
ature's dictate. Strange! there ſhould be
o, ſelf-impriſoned in their proud ſaloons,
ıounce the odours of the open field
the unſcented fictions of the loom;
o, ſatisfied with only pencilled ſcenes,
ſer to the performance of a God
: inferior wonders of an artiſt's hand!
ely indeed the mimic works of art;
Nature's works far lovelier. I admire,
ıe more admires the painter's magic ſkill,
ıo ſhows me that which I ſhall never ſee,
ıveys a diſtant country into mine,
l throws Ita'ian light on Engliſh walls:
imitative ſtrokes can do no more
ın pleaſe the eye—ſweet Nature's every ſenſ

Peculiar, and excluſively her own.
Beneath the open ſky ſhe ſpreads the feaſt;
'Tis free to all—'tis every day renewed;
Who ſcorns it ſtarves deſervedly at home.
He does not ſcorn it, who, impriſoned long
In ſome unwholeſome dungeon, and a prey
To ſallow ſickneſs, which the vapours, dank
And clammy, of his dark abode have bred,
Eſcapes at laſt to liberty and light:
His cheek recovers ſoon its healthful hue;
His eye relumines its extinguiſhed fires;
He walks, he leaps, he runs—is winged with joy,
And riots in the ſweets of every breeze.
He does not ſcorn it, who has long endured
A fever's agonies, and fed on drugs.
Nor yet the mariner, his blood inflamed
With acrid ſalts; his very heart athirſt
To gaze at nature in her green array,
Upon the ſhip's tall ſide he ſtands, poſſeſſed
With viſions prompted by intenſe deſire:
Fair fields appear below, ſuch as he left
Far diſtant, ſuch as he would die to find—
He ſeeks them headlong, and is ſeen no more.

The ſpleen is ſeldom felt where Flora reigns;
The lowering eye, the petulance, the frown,

And ſullen ſadneſs, [illegible]
And mar, the face of beauty, when no
For ſuch immeaſurable woe appears,
Theſe Flora baniſhes, and gives the fa
Sweet ſmiles, and bloom leſs tranſien
It is the conſtant revolution, ſtale
And taſteleſs, of the ſame repeated jo
That palls and ſatiates, and makes la
A pedlar's pack, that bows the bear
Health ſuffers, and the ſpirits ebb,
Recoils from its own choice—at th
Is famiſhed—finds no muſic in the
No ſmartneſs in the jeſt; and wor
Yet thouſands ſtill deſire to journe
Though halt, and weary of the pa
The paralytic, who can hold her
But cannot play them, borrows a
To deal and ſhuffle, to divide an
[illegible] mingled ſuits and ſequences

Themſelves love life, and cling to it, as he
That overhangs a torrent to a twig.
They love it, and yet loath it; fear to die,
Yet ſcorn the purpoſes for which they live.
Then wherefore not renounce them? No—the dread,
The ſlaviſh dread of ſolitude, that breeds
Reflection and remorſe, the fear of ſhame,
And their inveterate habits, all forbid.

Whom call we gay? That honour has been long
The boaſt of mere pretenders to the name.
The innocent are gay—the lark is gay,
That dries his feathers, ſaturate with dew,
Beneath the roſy cloud, while yet the beams
Of day-ſpring overſhoot his humble neſt.
The peaſant too, a witneſs of his ſong,
Himſelf a ſongſter, is as gay as he.
But ſave me from the gaiety of thoſe,
Whoſe head-aches nail them to a noon-day bed;
And ſave me too from their's, whoſe haggard eyes
Flaſh deſperation, and betray their pangs
For property ſtripped off by cruel chance;
From gaiety, that fills the bones with pain,
The mouth with blaſphemy, the heart with woe.

The earth was made ſo various, that the mind

Till half their beauties fade ; the we
Too well acquainted with their ſmil
Faſtidious, ſeeking leſs familiar ſcen
Then ſnug encloſures in the ſheltere
Where frequent hedges intercept the
Delight us ; happy to renounce awh
Not ſenſeleſs of its charms, what ſtill
That ſuch ſhort abſence may endear
Then foreſts, or the ſavage rock, ma
That hides the ſea-mew in his hollo
Above the reach of man. His hoary
Conſpicuous many a league, the mar
Bound homeward, and in hope alrea
Greets with three cheers exulting. A
A girdle of half-withered ſhrubs he ſt
And at his feet the baffled billows die
The common, overgrown with fern, a
With prickly gorſe, that ſhapeleſs and
. . . . . .

And fungous fruits of earth, regales the ſenſe
With luxury of unexpected ſweets.

There often wanders one, whom better days
Saw better clad, in cloak of ſattin trimmed
With lace, and hat with ſplendid ribband bound.
A ſerving maid was ſhe, and fell in love
With one who left her, went to ſea, and died.
Her fancy followed him through foaming waves
To diſtant ſhores; and ſhe would ſit and weep
At what a ſailor ſuffers; fancy too
Deluſive moſt where warmeſt wiſhes are,
Would oft anticipate his glad return,
And dream of tranſports ſhe was not to know.
She heard the doleful tidings of his death—
And never ſmiled again! and now ſhe roams
The dreary waſte; there ſpends the livelong day,
And there, unleſs when charity forbids,
The livelong night. A tattered apron hides,
Worn as a cloak, and hardly hides, a gown
More tattered ſtill; and both but ill conceal
A boſom heaved with never-ceaſing ſighs.
She begs an idle pin of all ſhe meets,
And hoards them in her ſleeve; but needful food,
Though preſſed with hunger oft, or comelier clothes,
Though pinched with cold, aſks never.—Kate is crazed.

Their miſerable meal. A kettle, ſlung
Between two poles upon a ſtick tranſverſ
Receives the morſel—fleſh obſcene of dog
Or vermin, or at beſt of cock purloined
From his accuſtomed perch. Hard-fari
They pick their fuel out of every hedge,
Which, kindled with dry leaves, juſt ſave
The ſpark of life. The ſportive wind bl
Their fluttering rags, and ſhows a tawny
The vellum of the pedigree they claim.
Great ſkill have they in palmiſtry, and m
To conjure clean away the gold they tou
Conveying worthleſs droſs into its place;
Loud when they beg, dumb only when t
Strange! that a creature rational, and ca
In human mould, ſhould brutalize by cl
His nature; and, though capable of arts
By which the world might profit, and h

Can change their whine into a mirthful note,
When ſafe occaſion offers; and with dance,
And muſic of the bladder and the bag,
Beguile their woes, and make the woods reſound.
Such health and gaiety of heart enjoy
The houſeleſs rovers of the ſylvan world;
And, breathing wholeſome air, and wandering much,
Need other phyſic none to heal the effects
Of loathſome diet, penury, and cold.

Bleſt he, though undiſtinguiſhed from the crowd
By wealth or dignity, who dwells ſecure,
Where man, by nature fierce, has laid aſide
His fierceneſs, having learnt, though ſlow to learn,
The manners and the arts of civil life.
His wants indeed are many; but ſupply
Is obvious, placed within the eaſy reach
Of temperate wiſhes and induſtrious hands.
Here virtue thrives as in her proper ſoil;
Not rude and ſurly, and beſet with thorns,
And terrible to ſight, as when ſhe ſprings
(If ever ſhe ſpring ſpontaneous) in remote
And barbarous climes, where violence prevails,
And ſtrength is lord of all; but gentle, kind,
By culture tamed, by liberty refreſhed,
And all her fruits by radiant truth matured.

The envied remains of [illegible]
The chaſe for ſuſtenance, precarious truſt
His hard condition with ſevere conſtrain
Binds all his faculties, forbids all growth
Of wiſdom, proves a ſchool, in which h
Sly circumvention, unrelenting hate,
Mean ſelf-attachment, and ſcarce aught
Thus fare the ſhivering natives of the nc
And thus the rangers of the weſtern wor
Where it advances far into the deep,
Towards the Antarctic. Even the favo
So lately found, although the conſtant
Cheer all their ſeaſons with a grateful ſ
Can boaſt but little virtue; and inert
Through plenty loſe in morals, what th
In manners—victims of luxurious eaſe
Theſe therefore I can pity, placed rem
From all that ſcience traces, art invent
Or inſpiration teaches; and encloſed
[illegible] to be maſſed

Thee, gentle * ſavage! whom no love of thee
Or thine, but curioſity perhaps,
Or elſe vain glory, prompted us to draw
Forth from thy native bowers, to ſhew thee here
With what ſuperior ſkill we can abuſe
The gifts of Providence, and ſquander life.
The dream is paſt; and thou haſt found again
Thy cocoas and bananas, palms and yams,
And homeſtall thatched with leaves. But haſt thou found
Their former charms? And having ſeen our ſtate,
Our palaces, our ladies, and our pomp
Of equipage, our gardens, and our ſports,
And heard our muſic; are thy ſimple friends,
Thy ſimple fare, and all thy plain delights,
As dear to thee as once? And have thy joys
Loſt nothing by compariſon with our's?
Rude as thou art, (for we returned thee rude
And ignorant, except of outward ſhow)
I cannot think thee yet ſo dull of heart
And ſpiritleſs, as never to regret
Sweets taſted here, and left as ſoon as known.
Methinks I ſee thee ſtraying on the beach,
And aſking of the ſurge, that bathes thy foot,
If ever it has waſhed our diſtant ſhore.
I ſee thee weep, and thine are honeſt tears,

* Omai.

From which no power of thine can raiſe
Thus fancy paints thee, and though apt
Perhaps errs little when ſhe paints thee t
She tells me too that duly every morn
Thou climbeſt the mountain top, with e
Exploring far and wide the watery waſte
For ſight of ſhip from England. Every
Seen in the dim horizon turns thee pale
With conflict of contending hopes and fe
But comes at laſt the dull and duſky eve
And ſends thee to thy cabin, well-prepa
To dream all night of what the day deni
Alas! expect it not. We found no bait
To tempt us in thy country. Doing go
Diſintereſted good, is not our trade.
We travel far, 'tis true, but not for noug
And muſt be bribed to compaſs earth ag
By other hopes and richer fruits than yo

As to a common and moſt noiſome ſewer,
The dregs and feculence of every land.
In cities foul example on moſt minds
Begets its likeneſs. Rank abundance breeds
In groſs and pampered cities ſloth and luſt,
And wantonneſs and gluttonous exceſs.
In cities vice is hidden with moſt eaſe,
Or ſeen with leaſt reproach; and virtue, taught
By frequent lapſe, can hope no triumph there
Beyond the achievement of ſucceſsful flight.
I do confeſs them nurſeries of the arts,
In which they flouriſh moſt; where, in the beams
Of warm encouragement, and in the eye
Of public note, they reach their perfect ſize.
Such London is, by taſte and wealth proclaimed
The faireſt capital of all the world,
By riot and incontinence the worſt.
There, touched by Reynolds, a dull blank becomes
A lucid mirror, in which Nature ſees
All her reflected features. Bacon there
Gives more than female beauty to a ſtone,
And Chatham's eloquence to marble lips.
Nor does the chiſſel occupy alone
The powers of ſculpture, but the ſtyle as much;
Each province of her art her equal care.
With nice inciſion of her guided ſteel

The richest scenery and the loveliest
Where finds philoſophy her eagle ey
With which ſhe gazes at yon burnin
Undazzled, and detects and counts h
In London: where her implements e
With which ſhe calculates, compute
All diſtance, motion, magnitude, and
Meaſures an atom, and now girds a w
In London. Where has commerce ſ
So rich, ſo thronged, ſo drained, and
As London—opulent, enlarged, and fl
Increaſing, London? Babylon of old
Not more the glory of the earth than
A more accompliſhed world's chief gl

She has her praiſe. Now mark a ſ
That ſo much beauty would do well t
And ſhow this queen of cities, that ſo
May yet be foul; ſo witty, yet not wi

And liberty, and oft-times honour too,
To peculators of the public gold;
That thieves at home muſt hang; but he that puts
Into his overgorged and bloated purſe
The wealth of Indian provinces, eſcapes.
Nor is it well, nor can it come to good,
That, through profane and infidel contempt
Of holy writ, ſhe has preſumed to annul
And abrogate, as roundly as ſhe may,
The total ordinance and will of God;
Advancing faſhion to the poſt of truth,
And centering all authority in modes
And cuſtoms of her own, till ſabbath rites
Have dwindled into unreſpected forms,
And knees and haſſocks are well-nigh divorced.

God made the country, and man made the town.
What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts,
That can alone make ſweet the bitter draught,
That life holds out to all, ſhould moſt abound
And leaſt be threatened in the fields and groves?
Poſſeſs ye therefore, ye who, borne about
In chariots and ſedans, know no fatigue
But that of idleneſs, and taſte no ſcenes
But ſuch as art contrives, poſſeſs ye ſtill
Your element; there only can ye ſhine;

The moon-beam, ſliding ſoftly in bet
The ſleeping leaves, is all the light th
Birds warbling all the muſic. We ca
The ſplendour of your lamps; they b
Our ſofter ſatellite. Your ſongs conſc
Our more harmonious notes: the thr
Scared, and the offended nightingale i
There is a public miſchief in your mi
It plagues your country. Folly ſuch
Graced with a ſword, and worthier of
Has made, what enemies could never
Our arch of empire, ſtedfaſt but for yc
A mutilated ſtructure, ſoon to fall.

THE TASK.

BOOK II.

reflections suggested by the conclusio
book.—Peace among the nations rec
ground of their common fellowshi
Prodigies enumerated—Sicilian ear
rendered obnoxious to these calamitie
the agent in them.—The philosophy
secondary causes reproved.—Our ow
riages accounted for.—Satirical notice
trips to Fontainbleau.—But the pulp
the proper engine of reformation.—
Advertiser of engraved sermons.—Pet
son.—The good preacher.—Pictures of
clerical coxcomb.—Story-tellers and j
pulpit reproved.—Apostrophe to popul
—Retailers of ancient philosophy expos
—Sum of the whole matter.—Effects o
mismanagement on the laity—Their fo
travagance.—The mischiefs of profusio
sion itself, with all its consequ

THE TASK.

BOOK II.

THE TIME-PIECE.

Oh for a lodge in ſome vaſt wilderneſs,
Some boundleſs contiguity of ſhade,
Where rumour of oppreſſion and deceit,
Of unſucceſsful or ſucceſsful war,
Might never reach me more. My ear is pained,
My ſoul is ſick, with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage, with which earth is filled.
There is no fleſh in man's obdurate heart,
It does not feel for man; the natural bond
Of brotherhood is ſevered as the flax,
That falls aſunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a ſkin
Not coloured like his own; and having power

...intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interpoſed
Make enemies of nations, who had elſe
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and deſtroys
And, worſe than all, and moſt to be deplore
As human nature's broadeſt, fouleſt blot,
Chains him, and taſks him, and exacts his t
With ſtripes, that mercy with a bleeding he
Weeps, when ſhe ſees inflicted on a beaſt.
Then what is man? And what man, ſeeing
And having human feelings, does not bluſh,
And hang his head, to think himſelf a man?
I would not have a ſlave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I ſleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That ſinews bought and ſold have ever earne
No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Juſt eſtimation prized above all price,

Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their ſhackles fall.
That is noble, and beſpeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the bleſſing. Spread it then,
And let it circulate through every vein
Of all your empire; that where Britain's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

Sure there is need of ſocial intercourſe,
Benevolence, and peace, and mutual aid,
Between the nations in a world, that ſeems
To toll the death-bell of its own deceaſe,
And by the voice of all its elements
To preach the general doom *. When were the winds
Let ſlip with ſuch a warrant to deſtroy?
When did the waves ſo haughtily overleap
Their ancient barriers, deluging the dry?
Fires from beneath, and meteors † from above,
Portentous, unexampled, unexplained,
Have kindled beacons in the ſkies; and the old
And crazy earth has had her ſhaking fits
More frequent, and foregone her uſual reſt.

* Alluding to the calamities in Jamaica.
† Auguſt 18, 1783.

More diſtant, and that prophecy dema
A longer reſpite, unaccompliſhed yet;
Still they are frowning ſignals, and bef
Diſpleaſure in his breaſt, who ſmites th
Or heals it, makes it languiſh or rejoic
And 'tis but ſeemly, that, where all de
And ſtand expoſed by common peccar
To what no few have felt, there ſhoul
And brethren in calamity ſhould love.

Alas for Sicily! rude fragments now
Lie ſcattered, where the ſhapely colun
Her palaces are duſt. In all her ſtreet
The voice of ſinging and the ſprightly
Are ſilent. Revelry, and dance, and f
Suffer a ſyncope and ſolemn pauſe;
While God performs upon the trembl
Of his own works his dreadful part al
How does the earth receive him?—W

Of gratulation and delight her king
Pours ſhe not all her choiceſt fruits abroad,
Her ſweeteſt flowers, her aromatic gums,
Diſcloſing paradiſe wherever he treads?
She quakes at his approach. Her hollow womb,
Conceiving thunders, through a thouſand deeps
And fiery caverns, roars beneath his foot.
The hills move lightly, and the mountains ſmoke,
For he has touched them. From the extremeſt point
Of elevation down into the abyſs
His wrath is buſy, and his frown is felt.
The rocks fall headlong, and the vallies riſe,
The rivers die into offenſive pools,
And, charged with putrid verdure, breathe a groſs
And mortal nuiſance into all the air.
What ſolid was, by transformation ſtrange,
Grows fluid; and the fixt and rooted earth,
Tormented into billows, heaves and ſwells,
Or with vortiginous and hideous whirl
Sucks down its prey inſatiable. Immenſe
The tumult and the overthrow, the pangs
And agonies of human and of brute
Multitudes, fugitive on every ſide,
And fugitive in vain. The ſylvan ſcene
Migrates uplifted; and, with all its ſoil
Alighting in far diſtant fields, finds out

... ... and overbearing heigh
Not by a mighty wind, but by that voi
Which winds and waves obey, invades
Reſiſtleſs. Never ſuch a ſudden flood,
Upridged ſo high, and ſent on ſuch a ch
Poſſeſſed an inland ſcene. Where now t
That preſſed the beach, and, hafty to de
Looked to the ſea for ſafety? They are
Gone with the refluent wave into the de
A prince with half his people! Ancient t
And roofs embattled high, the gloomy ſc
Where beauty oft and lettered worth cor
Life in the unproductive ſhades of death,
Fall prone: the pale inhabitants come fo
And, happy in their unforeſeen releaſe
From all the rigours of reſtraint, enjoy
The terrors of the day, that ſets them fre
Who then that has thee, would not hold
Freedom! whom they that loſe thee ſo re

furious inqueſt, that it makes
ehalf, lays waſte his faireſt works.
lements, though each be meant
er of man, to ſerve his wants,
ainſt him. With his breath he draws
ito his blood; and cannot uſe
ary means, but he muſt die.
to overwhelm him: or if ſtormy winds
ie waters of the deep ſhall riſe,
ng none aſſiſtance of the ſtorm,
emſelves aſhore, and reach him there.
hall ſhake him out of all his holds,
s houſe his grave: nor ſo content,
erfeit the motions of the flood,
him in her dry and duſty gulphs.
!—were they the wicked above all,
righteous, whoſe faſt anchored iſle
while their's was rocked, like a light ſkiff,
every wave? No: none are clear,
han we more guilty. But, where all
eable with guilt, and to the ſhafts
noxious, God may chooſe his mark:
, if he pleaſe, the leſs, to warn
nalignant. If he ſpared not them,
l be amazed at thine eſcae,
England, leſt he ſpare not thee!

And manifold reſults, into the will
And arbitration wiſe of the Supreme.
Did not his eye rule all things, and intend
The leaſt of our concerns (ſince from the l
The greateſt oft originate); could chance
Find place in his dominion, or diſpoſe
One lawleſs particle to thwart his plan;
Then God might be ſurpriſed, and unforeſee
Contingence might alarm him, and diſturb
The ſmooth and equal courſe of his affairs.
This truth philoſophy, though eagle-eyed
In nature's tendencies, oft overlooks;
And, having found his inſtrument, forgets,
Or diſregards, or, more preſumptous ſtill,
Denies the power, that wields it. God proc
His hot diſpleaſure againſt fooliſh men,
That live an atheiſt life: involves the heave
In tempeſts: quits his graſp upon the winds,

taints the golden ear. He ſprings his mines,
deſolates a nation at a blaſt.
ı ſteps the ſpruce philoſopher, and tells
ɔmogeneal and diſcordant ſprings
principles; of cauſes, how they work
eceſſary laws their ſure effects;
ction and re-action. He has found
ſource of the diſeaſe, that nature feels,
bids the world take heart and baniſh fear.
ı fool! will thy diſcovery of the cauſe
:nd the effect, or heal it? Has not God
wrought by means ſince firſt he made the world?
did he not of old employ his means
rown it? What is his creation leſs
ı a capacious reſervoir of means
ıed for his uſe, and ready at his will?
lreſs thine eyes with eye-ſalve; aſk of him,
k of whomſoever he has taught;
learn, though late, the genuine cauſe of all.

ıgland, with all thy faults, I love thee ſtill—
:ountry! and, while yet a nook is left,
re Engliſh minds and manners may be found,
be conſtrained to love thee. Though thy clime
:kle, and thy year moſt part deformed
dripping rains, or withered by a froſt,

True; we may thank the perfidy
That picked the jewel out of England's crown
With all the cunning of an envious ſhrew.
And let that paſs—'twas but a trick of ſtate!
A brave man knows no malice, but at once
Forgets in peace the injuries of war,
And gives his direſt foe a friend's embrace.
And, ſhamed as we have been, to the very be
Braved and defied, and in our own ſea proved
Too weak for thoſe deciſive blows, that once
Enſured us maſtery there, we yet retain
Some ſmall pre-eminence; we juſtly boaſt
At leaſt ſuperior jockeyſhip, and claim
The honours of the turf as all our own!
Go then, well worthy of the praiſe ye ſeek,
And ſhow the ſhame, ye might conceal at h
In foreign eyes!—be grooms and win the pl
Where once your nobler fathers won a crow
[illegible] numerous to communicate your ſkill

To which the mind reſorts, in chaſe of terms
Though apt, yet coy, and difficult to win—
To arreſt the fleeting images, that fill
The mirror of the mind, and hold them faſt,
And force them ſit, till he has penciled off
A faithful likeneſs of the forms he views;
Then to diſpoſe his copies with ſuch art,
That each may find its moſt propitious light,
And ſhine by ſituation, hardly leſs
Than by the labour and the ſkill it coſt;
Are occupations of the poet's mind
So pleaſing, and that ſteal away the thought
With ſuch addreſs from themes of ſad import,
That, loſt in his own muſings, happy man!
He feels the anxieties of life, denied
Their wonted entertainment, all retire.
Such joys has he that ſings. But ah! not ſuch,
Or ſeldom ſuch, the hearers of his ſong.
Faſtidious, or elſe liſtleſs, or perhaps
Aware of nothing arduous in a taſk,
They never undertook, they little note
His dangers or eſcapes, and haply find
Their leaſt amuſement where he found the moſt.
But is amuſement all? Studious of ſong,
And yet ambitious not to ſing in vain,
I would not trifle merely, though the world

The freaks of faſhion, regulate the dreſs,
Retrench a ſword-blade, or diſplace a patch
But where are its ſublimer trophies found?
What vice has it ſubdued? whoſe heart reclaimed
By rigour, or whom laughed into reform?
Alas! Leviathan is not ſo tamed:
Laughed at he laughs again; and ſtricken
Turns to the ſtroke his adamantine ſcales,
That fear no diſcipline of human hands.

The pulpit, therefore (and I name it fillet
With ſolemn awe, that bids me well beware
With what intent I touch that holy thing)-
The pulpit (when the ſatirift has at laſt,
Strutting and vapouring in an empty ſchool
Spent all his force and made no proſelyte)-
I ſay the pulpit (in the ſober uſe
Of its legitimate, peculiar powers)
Muſt ſtand acknowledged, while the world

acred, his credentials clear.
: violated law ſpeaks out
s; and by him, in ſtrains as ſweet
ıſe, the goſpel whiſpers peace.
es the ſtrong, reſtores the weak,
ıe wanderer, binds the broken heart,
ł himſelf in panoply complete
y temper, furniſhes with arms,
is own, and trains, by every rule
cipline, to glorious war,
ıental hoſt of God's elect!
h teachers?—would to heaven all were!
the doctor's voice!—faſt wedged between
ics he ſtands, and with ſwoln cheeks
: news, his trumpet. Keener far
vective is his bold harangue,
ugh that public organ of report
e clergy; and, defying ſhame,
to the world his own and their's!
thoſe to read, whom ſchools diſmiſſed,
s, untaught; ſells accent, tone,
ıſis in ſcore, and gives to prayer
and *andante* it demands.
livinity of other days
modern uſe; transforms old print
manuſcript, and cheats the eyes

He doubtleſs is in ſport, and does but droll,
Aſſuming thus a rank unknown before—
Grand caterer and dry-nurſe of the church

I venerate the man, whoſe heart is warm
Whoſe hands are pure, whoſe doctrine and
Coincident exhibit lucid proof
That he is honeſt in the ſacred cauſe.
To ſuch I render more than mere reſpect,
Whoſe actions ſay that they reſpect themſel
But looſe in morals, and in manners vain,
In converſation frivolous, in dreſs
Extreme, at once rapacious and profuſe;
Frequent in park with lady at his ſide,
Ambling and prattling ſcandal as he goes;
But rare at home, and never at his books,
Or with his pen, ſave when he ſcrawls a ca
Conſtant at routs, familiar with a round
Of ladyſhips, a ſtranger to the poor;

God's work a ſinecure; a ſlave
wn pleaſures and his patron's pride.
:h apoſtles, oh ye mitred heads,
the church! and lay not careleſs hands
, that cannot teach, and will not learn.

I I deſcribe a preacher, ſuch as Paul,
on earth, would hear, approve, and own,
uld himſelf direct me. I would trace
er-ſtrokes, and draw from his deſign.
:xpreſs him ſimple, grave, ſincere;
ne uncorrupt; in language plain,
n in manner; decent, ſolemn, chaſte,
ural in geſture; much impreſſed
as conſcious of his awful charge,
ious mainly that the flock he feeds
it too; affectionate in look,
ler in addreſs, as well becomes
ager of grace to guilty men.
ne picture!—Is it like?—Like whom?
gs that mount the roſtrum with a ſkip,
ſkip down again; pronounce a text;
n; and reading what they never wrote
n minutes, huddle up their work,
a well-bred whiſper cloſe the ſcene!

All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn;
Object of my implacable disgust.
What!—will a man play tricks, will he indu
A filly fond conceit of his fair form,
And just proportion, fashionable mien,
And pretty face, in presence of his God?
Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
As with the diamond on his lily hand,
And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
When I am hungry for the bread of life?
He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames
His noble office, and, instead of truth,
Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock
Therefore avaunt all attitude, and stare,
And start theatric, practised at the glass!
I seek divine simplicity in him,
Who handles things divine; and all besides,
Though learned with labour, and though mu
By curious eyes and judgments ill-informed,

Through the preſt noſtril, ſpectacle-beſtrid.
Some decent in demeanour while they preach,
That taſk performed, relapſe into themſelves;
And having ſpoken wiſely at the cloſe
Grow wanton, and give proof to every eye,
Whoever was edified, themſelves were not!
Forth comes the pocket mirror.—Firſt we ſtroke
An eye-brow; next compoſe a ſtraggling lock;
Then with an air moſt gracefully performed
Fall back into our ſeat, extend an arm,
And lay it at its eaſe with gentle care,
With handkerchief in hand depending low:
The better hand more buſy gives the noſe
Its bergamot, or aids the indebted eye
With opera glaſs, to watch the moving ſcene,
And recognize the ſlow retiring fair.—
Now this is fulſome; and offends me more
Than in a churchman ſlovenly neglect
And ruſtic coarſeneſs would. An heavenly mind
May be indifferent to her houſe of clay,
And ſlight the hovel as beneath her care;
But how a body ſo fantaſtic, trim,
And quaint, in its deportment and attire,
Can lodge an heavenly mind—demands a doubt.

He, that negociates between God and man

In man or woman,
And moſt of all in man, that minister
And ſerves the altar, in my ſoul I loath
All affectation. 'Tis my perfect ſcorn;
Object of my implacable diſguſt.
What!—will a man play tricks, will he in
A filly fond conceit of his fair form,
And juſt proportion, faſhionable mien,
And pretty face, in preſence of his God
Or will he ſeek to dazzle me with trope
As with the diamond on his lily hand
And play his brilliant parts before my
When I am hungry for the bread of
He mocks his Maker, proſtitutes and
His noble office, and, inſtead of tru
Diſplaying his own beauty, ſtarves
Therefore avaunt all attitude, and
And ſtart theatric, practiſed at th
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egociates between God and man

Or does the tomb take all? If he ſurvive
His aſhes, where? and in what weal or wo
Knots worthy of ſolution, which alone
A Deity could ſolve. Their anſwers, vagu
And all at random, fabulous and dark,
Left them as dark themſelves. Their rules
Defective and unſanctioned, proved too wea
To bind the roving appetite, and lead
Blind nature to a God not yet revealed.
'Tis revelation ſatisfies all doubts,
Explains all myſteries, except her own,
And ſo illuminates the path of life,
That fools diſcover it, and ſtray no more.
Now tell me, dignified and ſapient ſir,
My man of morals, nurtured in the ſhades
Of Academus—is this falſe or true?
Is Chriſt the abler teacher, or the ſchools?
If Chriſt, then why reſort at every turn

Has Epictetus, Plato, Tully, preached!
Men that, if now alive, would fit content
And humble learners of a Saviour's worth,
Preach it who might. Such was their love of truth,
Their thirft of knowledge, and their candour too!

And thus it is.—The paftor, either vain
By nature, or by flattery made fo, taught
To gaze at his own fplendour, and to exalt
Abfurdly, not his office, but himfelf;
Or unenlightened, and too proud too learn;
Or vicious, and not therefore apt to teach;
Perverting often by the ftrefs of lewd
And loofe example, whom he fhould inftruct;
Expofes, and holds up to broad difgrace,
The nobleft function, and difcredits much
The brighteft truths, that man has ever feen.
For ghoftly counfel; if it either fall
Below the exigence, or be not backed
With fhow of love, at leaft with hopeful proof
Of fome fincerity on the giver's part;
Or be difhonoured in the exterior form
And mode of its conveyance by fuch tricks,
As move derifion, or by foppifh airs
And hiftrionic mummery, that let down
The pulpit to the level of the ftage;

takes deeper root, confirmed by what they
A relaxation of religion's hold
Upon the roving and untutored heart
Soon follows, and, the curb of conſcience ſ
The laity run wild.—But do they now ?
Note their extravagance, and be convinced.

As nations, ignorant of God, contrive
A wooden one ; ſo we, no longer taught
By monitors, that mother church ſupplies,
Now make our own. Poſterity will aſk
(If e'er poſterity ſee verſe of mine)
Some fifty or an hundred luſtrums hence,
What was a monitor in George's days?
My very gentle reader, yet unborn,
Of whom I needs muſt augur better things,
Since heaven would ſure grow weary of a wo
Productive only of a race like our's,
A monitor is wood— plank ſhaven thin.

eign and moſt effectual to ſecure
n, not now gymnaſtic as of yore,
rickets and diſtortion, elſe our lot.
hus admoniſhed, we can walk erect—
roof at leaſt of manhood! while the friend
cloſe, a Mentor worthy of his charge.
abits, coſtlier than Lucullus wore,
y caprice as multiplied as his,
leaſe us while the faſhion is at full,
hange with every moon. The ſycophant,
waits to dreſs us, arbitrates their date;
ys his fair reverſion with keen eye;
one ill made, another obſolete,
fits not nicely, that is ill conceived;
making prize of all that he condemns,
our expenditure defrays his own.
y's the very ſpice of life,
gives it all its flavour. We have run
gh every change, that fancy at the loom
afted has had genius to ſupply;
ſtudious of mutation ſtill, diſcard
l elegance, a little uſed,
onſtrous novelty and ſtrange diſguiſe.
crifice to dreſs, till houſehold joys
omforts ceaſe. Dreſs drains our cellar dry,
eeps our larder lean; puts out our fires;

... perjury, corruption, frauds
By forgery, by ſubterfuge of law,
By tricks and lies as numerous and as k
As the neceſſities their authors feel;
Then caſt them, cloſely bundled, every
At the right door. Profuſion is the fire.
Profuſion unreſtrained, with all that's ba
In character, has littered all the land,
And bred within the memory of no few,
A prieſthood, ſuch as Baal's was of old,
A people, ſuch as never was till now.
It is a hungry vice:—it eats up all,
That gives ſociety its beauty, ſtrength,
Convenience, and ſecurity, and uſe:
Makes men mere vermin, worthy to be t
And gibbeted, as faſt as catchpole claws
Can ſeize the ſlippery prey: unties the kn
Of union, and converts the ſacred band,
That holds mankind together, to a ſcourg

their own deſtruction. She that aſks
ve hundred friends, contemns them all,
their coming. They (what can they leſs?)
repriſals; and with cringe and ſhrug,
bſequious, hide their hate of her.
he frenzy, downward from her grace,
nbeaux flaſh againſt the morning ſkies,
ur chamber ceilings as they paſs,
10 frugal only that her thrift
xceſſes ſhe can ill afford,
ed home unlacqueyed; who in haſte
urns the key in her own door,
: watchman's lantern borrowing light,
d bed her only comfort left.
ar huſbands, huſbands ſtarve their wives,
's velvet altar offering up
oor pittance—fortune, moſt ſevere
s yet known, and coſtlier far
hat held their routs in Juno's heaven.—
in this priſon-houſe the world;
earful ſpectacle to ſee
aniacs dancing in their chains.
upon the links, that hold them faſt,
of anguiſh, execrate their lot,
: them in deſpair, and dance again!

His frown was full of terror, and his voice
Shook the delinquent with ſuch fits of awe,
As left him not, till penitence had won
Loſt favour back again, and cloſed the breac
But Diſcipline, a faithful ſervant long,
Declined at length into the vale of years:
A palſy ſtruck his arm, his ſparkling eye
Was quenched in rheums of age; his voice
Grew tremulous, and moved deriſion more
Than reverence in perverſe rebellious youth.
So colleges and halls neglected much
Their good old friend; and Diſcipline at len
O'erlooked and unemployed fell ſick and die
Then ſtudy languiſhed, emulation ſlept,
And virtue fled. The ſchools became a ſcen
Of ſolemn farce, where Ignorance in ſtilts,
His cap well lined with logic not his own,
With parrot tongue performed the ſcholar's j
Proceeding ſoon a graduated dunce.

A diſſolution of all bonds enſued;
The curbs invented for the muliſh mouth
Of head-ſtrong youth were broken; bars and bolts
Grew ruſty by diſuſe; and maſſy gates
Forgot their office, opening with a touch;
Till gowns at length are found mere maſquerade,
The taſſeled cap and the ſpruce band a jeſt,
A mockery of the world! What need of theſe
For gameſters, jockeys, brothellers impure,
Spendthrifts, and booted ſportſmen, oftener ſeen
With belted waiſt and pointers at their heels,
Than in the bounds of duty? What was learned,
If aught was learned in childhood, is forgot;
And ſuch expence, as pinches parents blue,
And mortifies the liberal hand of love,
Is ſquandered in purſuit of idle ſports
And vicious pleaſures; buys the boy a name,
That ſits a ſtigma on his father's houſe,
And cleaves through life inſeparably cloſe
To him, that wears it. What can after-games
Of riper joys, and commerce with the world,
The lewd vain world, that muſt receive him ſoon
Add to ſuch erudition, thus acquired,
Where ſcience and where virtue are profeſſed?
They may confirm his habits, rivet faſt
His folly, but to ſpoil him is a taſk,

And ſlumbering oſcitancy mars the brood ?
The nurſe no doubt. Regardleſs of her cha
She needs herſelf correction ; needs to learn,
That it is dangerous ſporting with the world
With things ſo ſacred as a nation's truſt,
The nurture of her youth, her deareſt pledge

All are not ſuch. I had a brother once—
Peace to the memory of a man of worth,
A man of letters, and of manners too !
Of manners ſweet as virtue always wears,
When gay good-nature dreſſes her in ſmiles.
He graced a college *, in which order yet
Was ſacred ; and was honoured, loved, and
By more than one, themſelves conſpicuous
Some minds are tempered happily, and mix
With ſuch ingredients of good ſenſe, and ta
Of what is excellent in man, they thirſt
With ſuch a zeal to be what they approve

That no reſtraints can circumſcribe them more
Than they themſelves by choice, for wiſdom's ſake;
Nor can example hurt them: what they ſee
Of vice in others but enhancing more
The charms of virtue in their juſt eſteem.
If ſuch eſcape contagion, and emerge
Pure from ſo foul a pool to ſhine abroad,
And give the world their talents and themſelves,
Small thanks to thoſe, whoſe negligence or ſloth
Expoſed their inexperience to the ſnare,
And left them to an undirected choice.

See then the quiver broken and decayed,
In which are kept our arrows! Ruſting there
In wild diſorder, and unfit for uſe,
What wonder, if, diſcharged into the world,
They ſhame their ſhooters with a random flight,
Their points obtuſe, and feathers drunk with wine!
Well may the church wage unſucceſsful war
With ſuch artillery armed. Vice parries wide
The undreaded volley with a ſword of ſtraw,
And ſtands an impudent and fearleſs mark.

Have we not tracked the felon home, and found
His birth-place and his dam? The country mourns,
Mourns becauſe every plague, that can infeſt

And ſuffocates the breath at every turn.
Profuſion breeds them; and the cauſe itſelf
Of that calamitous miſchief has been found:
Found too where moſt offenſive, in the ſkirts
Of the robed pedagogue! Elſe let the arraigned
Stand up unconſcious, and refute the charge.
So when the Jewiſh leader ſtretched his arm,
And waved his rod divine, a race obſcene,
Spawned in the muddy beds of Nile, came forth
Polluting Ægypt: gardens, fields, and plains,
Were covered with the peſt; the ſtreets were filled;
The croaking nuiſance lurked in every nook;
Nor palaces, nor even chambers, 'ſcaped;
And the land ſtank—ſo numerous was the fry.

THE TASK.

BOOK III.

But now with pleaſant pace a clea
I mean to tread. I feel myſelf at l
Courageous, and refreſhed for futu
If toil await me, or if dangers new.

Since pulpits fail, and ſounding l
Moſt part an empty ineffectual ſou
What chance that I to fame ſo littl
Nor converſant with men or mann
Should ſpeak to purpoſe, or with b
Crack the ſatiric thong? 'Twere w
For me enamoured of ſequeſtered ſc
And charmed with rural beauty, to
Where chance may throw me, ben
My languid limbs, when ſummer ſ
Or, when rough winter rages, on th
And ſheltered Sofa, while the nitro
Feeds a blue flame, and makes a ch
There undiſturbed by folly and

THE TASK.

BOOK III.

THE GARDEN.

one, who long in thickets and in brakes
angled winds now this way and now that
devious courſe uncertain, ſeeking home:
having long in miry ways been foiled
l ſore diſcomfited, from ſlough to ſlough
nging and half deſpairing of eſcape;
hance at length he find a greenſward ſmooth
l faithful to the foot, his ſpirits riſe,
chirrups briſk his ear-erecting ſteed,
l winds his way with pleaſure and with eaſe;
I, deſigning other themes, and called
adorn the Sofa with eulogium due,
tell its ſlumbers, and to paint its dreams,

That feels for injured ...
The nauſeous taſk to paint her as ſhe
Cruel, abandoned, glorying in her ſh
No:—let her paſs, and chariotted alo
In guilty ſplendour ſhake the public
The frequency of crimes has waſhed
And verſe of mine ſhall never brand
Whom matrons now of character un
And chaſte themſelves, are not aſha
Virtue and vice had boundaries in ol
Not to be paſſed: and ſhe, that had
Her ſex's honour, was renounced h
By all that prized it; not for prude
But dignity's, reſentful of the wrong
'Twas hard perhaps on here and th
Deſirous to return, and not received
But was an wholeſome rigour in th
And taught the unblemiſhed to pre
That purity, whoſe loſs was loſs of

His every nerve in action and at ſtretch,
Paid with the blood, that he had baſely ſpared,
The price of his default. But now—yes, now
We are become ſo candid and ſo fair,
So liberal in conſtruction, and ſo rich
In chriſtian charity, (good-natured age!)
That they are ſafe, ſinners of either ſex,
Tranſgreſs what laws they may. Well dreſſed, well bred,
Well equipaged, is ticket good enough
To paſs us readily through every door.
Hypocriſy, deteſt her as we may,
(And no man's hatred ever wronged her yet)
May claim this merit ſtill—that ſhe admits
The worth of what ſhe mimics with ſuch care,
And thus gives virtue indirect applauſe;
But ſhe has burnt her maſk not needed here,
Where vice has ſuch allowance, that her ſhifts
And ſpecious ſemblances have loſt their uſe.

I was a ſtricken deer, that left the herd
Long ſince, with many an arrow deep infixt
My panting ſide was charged, when I withdrew
To ſeek a tranquil death in diſtant ſhades.
There was I found by one, who had himſelf
Been hurt by the archers. In his ſide he bore,
And in his hands and feet, the cruel ſcars.

And ment woods I wander, far fr
My former partners of the people
With few associates, and not wish
Here much I ruminate, as much
With other views of men and ma
Than once, and others of a life tc
I see that all are wanderers, gone
Each in his own delusions; they a
In chase of fancied happiness, still
And never won. Dream after dre
And still they dream that they sha
And still are disappointed. Rings
With the vain stir. I sum up half
And add two thirds of the remaini
And find the total of their hopes an
Dreams, empty dreams. The mil
As if created only like the fly,
That spreads his motley wings in th
To sport their season, and be seen

An hiſtory: deſcribe the man, of whom
His own coevals took but little note,
And paint his perſon, character, and views,
As they had known him, from his mother's womb.
They diſentangle from the puzzled ſkein,
In which obſcurity has wrapped them up,
The threads of politic and ſhrewd deſign,
That ran through all his purpoſes, and charge
His mind with meanings that he never had,
Or having kept concealed. Some drill and bore
The ſolid earth, and from the ſtrata there
Extract a regiſter, by which we learn,
That he who made it, and revealed its date
To Moſes, was miſtaken in its age.
Some, more acute, and more induſtrious ſtill,
Contrive creation; travel nature up
To the ſharp peak of her ſublimeſt height,
And tell us whence the ſtars; why ſome are fixed,
And planetary ſome; what gave them firſt
Rotation, from what fountain flowed their light.
Great conteſt follows, and much learned duſt
Involves the combatants; each claiming truth,
And truth diſclaiming both. And thus they ſpend
The little wick of life's poor ſhallow lamp
In playing tricks with nature, giving laws
To diſtant worlds, and trifling in their own.

Of oracles like theſe? Great pity too,
That having wielded the elements, and
A thouſand ſyſtems, each in his own w
They ſhould go out in fume, and be fo
Ah! what is life thus ſpent? and what
But frantic, who thus ſpend it? all for
Eternity for bubbles proves at laſt
A ſenſeleſs bargain. When I ſee ſuch
Played by the creatures of a power, wh
That he will judge the earth, and call
To a ſharp reckoning, that has lived in
And when I weigh this ſeeming wiſdo
And prove it in the infallible reſult
So hollow and ſo falſe—I feel my hea
Diſſolve in pity, and account the learn
If this be learning, moſt of all deceive
Great crimes alarm the conſcience, bu
While thoughtful man is plauſibly am
Defend me therefore common ſenſe, f

Terribly arched, and aquiline his noſe,
And overbuilt with moſt impending brows,
'Twere well, could you permit the world to live
As the world pleaſes. What's the world to you?
Much. I was born of woman, and drew milk
As ſweet as charity from human breaſts.
I think, articulate, I laugh and weep,
And exerciſe all functions of a man.
How then ſhould I and any man that lives
Be ſtrangers to each other? Pierce my vein,
Take of the crimſon ſtream meandering there,
And catechiſe it well; apply thy glaſs,
Search it, and prove now if it be not blood
Congenial with thine own: and, if it be,
What edge of ſubtlety canſt thou ſuppoſe
Keen enough, wiſe and ſkilful as thou art,
To cut the link of brotherhood, by which
One common Maker bound me to the kind?
True; I am no proficient, I confeſs,
In arts like your's. I cannot call the ſwift
And perilous lightnings from the angry clouds,
And bid them hide themſelves in earth beneath;
I cannot analyſe the air, nor catch
The parallax of yonder luminous point,
That ſeems half quenched in the immenſe abyſs:
Such powers I boaſt not—neither can I reſt

God never meant that man ſt
By ſtrides of human wiſdom. 1
Though wondrous, he commanc
To ſeek him rather, where his n
The mind indeed, enlightened fr
Views him in all; aſcribes to the
The grand effect; acknowledges
His manner, and with rapture taſt
But never yet did philoſophic tube
That brings the planets home into
Of obſervation, and diſcovers, elſe
Not viſible, his family of worlds,
Diſcover him, that rules them; fu
Hangs over mortal eyes, blind fror
And dark in things divine. Full o
Our wayward intellect, the more w
Of nature, overlooks her author m
From inſtrumental

Then all is plain. Philoſophy, baptized
In the pure fountain of eternal love,
Has eyes indeed; and viewing all ſhe ſees
As meant to indicate a God to man,
Gives *him* his praiſe, and forfeits not her own.
Learning has borne ſuch fruit in other days
On all her branches: piety has found
Friends in the friends of ſcience, and true prayer
Has flowed from lips wet with Caſtalian dews.
Such was thy wiſdom, Newton, childlike ſage!
Sagacious reader of the works of God,
And in his word ſagacious. Such too thine,
Milton, whoſe genius had angelic wings,
And fed on manna! And ſuch thine, in whom
Our Britiſh Themis gloried with juſt cauſe,
Immortal Hale! for deep diſcernment praiſed,
And found integrity, not more than famed
For ſanctity of manners undefiled.

All fleſh is graſs, and all its glory fades
Like the fair flower diſhevelled in the wind;
Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.
The man we celebrate muſt find a tomb,
And we that worſhip him ignoble graves.
Nothing is proof againſt the general curſe
Of vanity, that ſeizes all below.

But what is truth? 'Twas Pilate's qu
To Truth itſelf, that deigned him no r
And wherefore? will not God impart
To them that aſk it?—Freely—'tis hi
His glory, and his nature to impart.
But to the proud, uncandid, inſincere,
Or negligent, inquirer not a ſpark.
What's that, which brings contempt
And him who writes it, though the f
The method clear, and argument exa
That makes a miniſter in holy things
The joy of many, and the dread of m
His name a theme for praiſe and for
That, while it gives us worth in God
Depreciates and undoes us in our ow
What pearl is it that rich men canno
That learning is too proud to gather
But which the poor, and the deſpiſe
[illegible] obtain, and often find unſe

Few know thy value, and few taſte thy ſweets;
Though many boaſt thy favours, and affect
To underſtand and chooſe thee for their own.
But fooliſh man foregoes his proper bliſs,
Ev'n as his firſt progenitor, and quits,
Though placed in paradiſe, (for earth has ſtill
Some traces of her youthful beauty left)
Subſtantial happineſs for tranſient joy.
Scenes formed for contemplation, and to nurſe
The growing ſeeds of wiſdom; that ſuggeſt,
By every pleaſing image they preſent,
Reflections ſuch as meliorate the heart,
Compoſe the paſſions, and exalt the mind;
Scenes ſuch as theſe 'tis his ſupreme delight
To fill with riot, and defile with blood.
Should ſome contagion, kind to the poor brutes
We perſecute, annihilate the tribes,
That draw the ſportſman over hill and dale
Fearleſs and rapt away from all his cares;
Should never game-fowl hatch her eggs again,
Nor baited hook deceive the fiſh's eye;
Could pageantry and dance, and feaſt and ſong,
Be quelled in all our ſummer-month's retreat;
How many ſelf-deluded nymphs and ſwains,
Who dream they have a taſte for fields and groves,
Would find them hideous nurſeries of the ſpleen,

... own take its filence, and
Delights which who would leave, t
Sufceptible of pity, or a mind
Cultured and capable of ſober thou
For all the ſavage din of the ſwift p
And clamours of the field?—Detefi
That owes its pleaſures to another's
That feeds upon the ſobs and dying
Of harmleſs nature, dumb, but yet e
With eloquence, that agonies inſpire,
Of ſilent tears and heart-diſtending fi
Vain tears, alas, and ſighs that never
A correſponding tone in jovial ſouls!
Well – one at leaſt is ſafe. One ſhel
Has never heard the ſanguinary yell
Of cruel man, exulting in her woes.
Innocent partner of my peaceful hom
Whom ten long years' experience of
Has made at laſt familiar; ſhe has lo
Much of

To thy ſtraw couch, and ſlumber unalarmed;
For I have gained thy confidence, have pledged
All that is human in me to protect
Thine unſuſpecting gratitude and love.
If I ſurvive thee I will dig thy grave;
And, when I place thee in it, ſighing ſay,
I knew at leaſt one hare that had a friend. *

How various his employments, whom the world
Calls idle; and who juſtly in return
Eſteems that buſy world an idler too.
Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps his pen,
Delightful induſtry enjoyed at home,
And nature in her cultivated trim
Preſſed to his taſte, inviting him abroad—
Can he want occupation who has theſe?
Will he be idle who has much to enjoy?
Be therefore ſtudious of laborious eaſe,
Not ſlothful, happy to deceive the time,
Not waſte it, and aware that human life
Is but a loan to be repaid with uſe,
When He ſhall call his debtors to account,
From whom are all our bleſſings; buſineſs finds
Even here: while ſedulous I ſeek to improve,
At leaſt neglect not, or leave unemployed,
The mind he gave me; driving it, though ſlack

* See the note at the end of this volume.

At meaſured diſtances, that a
Admitted freely may afford th
And ventilate and warm the f
Hence ſummer has her riche
And hence e'en winter fills h
With bluſhing fruits, and plen
Fair recompenſe of labour we
And wiſe precaution; which
Makes needful ſtill, whoſe ſpr
Of churliſh winter, in her fro
Diſcovering much the temper
For oft, as if in her the ſtream
Maternal nature had reverſed i
She brings her infants forth wi
But once delivered kills them
He therefore timely warned hi
Her want of care, ſcreening an
The plenteous bloom, that no
His garlands from the

As ought occurs, that ſhe may ſmile to hear,
Or turn to nouriſhment, digeſted well.
Or if the garden with its many cares,
All well repaid, demand him, he attends
The welcome call, conſcious how much the hand
Of lubbard labour needs his watchful eye,
Oft loitering lazily, if not o'erſeen,
Or miſapplying his unſkilful ſtrength.
Nor does he govern only or direct,
But much performs himſelf. No works indeed,
That aſk robuſt tough ſinews, bred to toil,
Servile employ; but ſuch as may amuſe,
Not tire, demanding rather ſkill than force.
Proud of his well-ſpread walls, he views his trees
That meet (no barren interval between)
With pleaſure more than e'en their fruits afford,
Which, ſave himſelf who trains them, none can feel;
Theſe therefore are his own peculiar charge;
No meaner hand may diſcipline the ſhoots,
None but his ſteel approach them. What is weak,
Diſtempered, or has loſt prolific powers,
Impaired by age, his unrelenting hand
Dooms to the knife: nor does he ſpare the ſoft
And ſucculent, that feeds its giant growth,
But barren, at the expence of neighbouring twigs
Leſs oſtentatious, and yet ſtudded thick

He ſeeks a favoured ſpot; that wh
The agglomerated pile his frame n
The ſun's meridian diſk, and at th
Enjoy cloſe ſhelter, wall, or reeds,
Impervious to the wind. Firſt he
Dry fern or littered hay, that may
The aſcending damps; then leiſure
And lightly, ſhaking it with agile h
From the full fork, the ſaturated ſtr
What longeſt binds the cloſeſt forms
The ſhapely ſide, that as it riſes tak
By juſt degrees, an overhanging bre
Sheltering the baſe with its projected
The uplifted frame compact at every
And overlaid with clear tranſlucent
He ſettles next upon the ſloping mo
Whoſe ſharp declivity ſhoots off fec
From the daſhed pane the deluge as
He ſhuts it cloſe, and [illegible]

A peſtilent and moſt corroſive ſtream,
Like a groſs fog Bœotian, riſing ſwift,
And faſt condenſed upon the dewy ſaſh,
Aſks egreſs; which obtained, the overcharged
And drenched conſervatory breathes abroad,
In volumes wheeling ſlow, the vapour dank;
And purified rejoices to have loſt
Its foul inhabitant. But to aſſuage
The impatient fervour, which it firſt conceives
Within its reeking boſom, threatening death
To his young hopes, requires diſcreet delay.
Experience, ſlow preceptreſs, teaching oft
The way to glory by miſcarriage foul,
Muſt prompt him, and admoniſh how to catch
The auſpicious moment, when the tempered heat,
Friendly to vital motion, may afford
Soft fomentation, and invite the ſeed.
The ſeed, ſelected wiſely, plump, and ſmooth,
And gloſſy, he commits to pots of ſize
Diminutive, well filled with well-prepared
And fruitful ſoil, that has been treaſured long,
And drank no moiſture from the dripping clouds:
Theſe on the warm and genial earth, that hides
The ſmoking manure and o'erſpreads it all,
He places lightly, and, as time ſubdues
The rage of fermentation, plunges deep
In the ſoft medium, till they ſtand immerſed.

If fanned by balmy and nutri
Strained through the friendly
Two leaves produced, two rou
Cautious he pinches from the
A pimple, that portends a futu
And interdicts its growth. Th
The branches, ſturdy to his ut
Prolific all, and harbingers of n
The crowded roots demand enl
And tranſplantation in an ample
Indulged in what they wiſh, the
Large foliage, overſhadowing gol
Blown on the ſummit of the appa
Theſe have their ſexes! and, whe
The bee tranſports the fertilizing
From flower to flower, and e'en th
Waits the rich prize to its appoint
Not ſo when winter ſcowls. After

Lives by contriving delicates for you)
Grudge not the coſt. Ye little know the cares,
The vigilance, the labour, and the ſkill,
That day and night are exerciſed, and hang
Upon the tickliſh balance of ſuſpenſe,
That ye may garniſh your profuſe regales
With ſummer fruits brought forth by wintry ſuns.
Ten thouſand dangers lie in wait to thwart
The proceſs. Heat and cold, and wind, and ſteam,
Moiſture and drought, mice, worms, and ſwarming flies,
Minute as duſt, and numberleſs, oft work
Dire diſappointment, that admits no cure,
And which no care can obviate. It were long,
Too long, to tell the expedients and the ſhifts
Which he that fights a ſeaſon ſo ſevere
Deviſes, while he guards his tender truſt;
And oft at laſt in vain. The learned and wiſe
Sarcaſtic would exclaim, and judge the ſong
Cold as its theme, and like its theme the fruit
Of too much labour, worthleſs when produced.

Who loves a garden loves a green-houſe too.
Unconſcious of a leſs propitious clime,
There blooms exotic beauty, warm and ſnug,
While the winds whiſtle and the ſnows deſcend.
The ſpiry myrtle with unwithering leaf

The ruddier orange, and the p——
Peep through their poliſhed foliage a
And ſeem to ſmile at what they neec
The amomum there with interming
And cherries hangs her twigs. Gen
Her crimſon honours, and the ſpang
Ficoides, glitters bright the winter l
All plants, of every leaf, that can er
The winter's frown, if ſcreened from
Live there, and proſper. Thoſe Au
Levantine regions theſe; the Azore
Their jeſſamine, her jeſſamine remo
Caffraia: foreigners from many lan
They form one ſocial ſhade, as if c
By magic ſummons of the Orphear
Yet juſt arrangement, rarely brough
But by a maſter's hand, diſpoſing
The gay diverſities of leaf and flow
Muſt lend its aid to illuſtrate all th

And ſo, while Garrick, as renowned as he,
The ſons of Albion; fearing each to loſe
Some note of Nature's muſic from his lips,
And covetous of Shakſpeare's beauty, ſeen
In every flaſh of his far-beaming eye.
Nor taſte alone and well-contrived diſplay
Suffice to give the marſhalled ranks the grace
Of their complete effect. Much yet remains
Unſung, and many cares are yet behind,
And more laborious; cares on which depend
Their vigour, injured ſoon, not ſoon reſtored.
The ſoil muſt be renewed, which often waſhed
Loſes its treaſure of ſalubrious ſalts,
And diſappoints the roots; the ſlender roots
Cloſe interwoven, where they meet the vaſe
Muſt ſmooth be ſhorn away; the ſapleſs branch
Muſt fly before the knife; the withered leaf
Muſt be detached, and where it ſtrews the floor
Swept with a woman's neatneſs, breeding elſe
Contagion, and diſſeminating death.
Diſcharge but theſe kind offices, (and who
Would ſpare, that loves them, offices like theſe?)
Well they reward the toil. The ſight is pleaſed,
The ſcent regaled, each odoriferous leaf,
Each opening bloſſom, freely breathes abroad
Its gratitude, and thanks him with its ſweets.

Runs round; ſtill ending, and begi
Nor are theſe all. To deck the ſha
That ſoftly ſwelled and gaily dreſſec
A flowery iſland, from the dark gre
Emerging, muſt be deemed a labou
To no mean hand, and aſks the tou
Here alſo grateful mixture of well-n
And ſorted hues (each giving each
And by contraſted beauty ſhining n
Is needful. Strength may wield th
May turn the clod, and wheel the
But elegance, chief grace the garde
And moſt attractive, is the fair reſu
Of thought, the creature of a poliſh
Without it all is gothic as the ſcene,
To which the inſipid citizen reſorts
Near yonder heath; where induſtry
But proud of his uncouth ill-choſen
Has made a heaven on earth: with

The beds the trufted treaſure of their ſeeds,
Forecaſts the future whole; that when the ſcene
Shall break into its preconceived diſplay,
Each for itſelf, and all as with one voice
Conſpiring, may atteſt his bright deſign.
Nor even then, diſmiſſing as performed
His pleaſant work, may he ſuppoſe it done.
Few ſelf-ſupported flowers endure the wind
Uninjured, but expect the upholding aid
Of the ſmooth-ſhaven prop, and neatly tied
Are wedded thus, like beauty to old age
For intereſt ſake, the living to the dead.
Some clothe the ſoil that feeds them, far diffuſed
And lowly creeping, modeſt and yet fair,
Like virtue, thriving moſt where little ſeen:
Some more aſpiring catch the neighbour ſhrub
With claſping tendrils, and inveſt his branch,
Elſe unadorned, with many a gay feſtoon
And fragrant chaplet, recompenſing well
The ſtrength they borrow with the grace they lend.
All hate the rank ſociety of weeds,
Noiſome, and ever greedy to exhauſt
The impoveriſhed earth; an overbearing race
That, like the multitude made faction-mad,
Diſturb good order, and degrade true worth.

Loſt innocence, or cancel foll
But it has peace, and much ſt
From all aſſaults of evil; prov
A faithful barrier, not o'erleap
By vicious cuſtom, raging unc
Abroad, and deſolating public l
When fierce temptation, ſecon
By traitor appetite, and armed
Tempered in hell, invades the t
To combat may be glorious, an
Perhaps may crown us; but to
Had I the choice of ſublunary g
What could I wiſh, that I poſſeſ
Health, leiſure, means to impro
No looſe or wanton, though a w
And conſtant occupation witho
Thus bleſt I draw a picture of th
Hopeleſs indeed that diſſipated n

That ſelf-condemned they muſt neglect the prize,
And what they will not taſte muſt yet approve.
What we admire we praiſe; and when we praiſe,
Advance it into notice, that its worth
Acknowledged, others may admire it too.
I therefore recommend, though at the riſk
Of popular diſguſt, yet boldly ſtill,
The cauſe of piety and ſacred truth,
And virtue, and thoſe ſcenes, which God ordained
Should beſt ſecure them and promote them moſt;
Scenes that I love, and with regret perceive
Forſaken, or through folly not enjoyed.
Pure is the nymph, though liberal of her ſmiles,
And chaſte, though unconfined, whom I extol.
Not as the prince in Shuſhan, when he called,
Vain-glorious of her charms, his Vaſhti forth
To grace the full pavilion. His deſign
Was but to boaſt his own peculiar good,
Which all might view with envy, none partake.
My charmer is not mine alone; my ſweets,
And ſhe, that ſweetens all my bitters too,
Nature, enchanting nature, in whoſe form
And lineaments divine I trace a hand,
That errs not, and find raptures ſtill renewed,
Is free to all men—univerſal prize.

Stripped of her ornaments, her leav
She loſes all her influence. Cities t
Attract us, and neglected Nature pin
Abandoned, as unworthy of our love
But are not wholeſome airs, though
By roſes; and clear ſuns, though ſc
And groves, if unharmonious, yet ſe
From clamour, and whoſe very ſilen
To be preferred to ſmoke, to the ecli
That metropolitan volcanos make,
Whoſe Stygian throats breathe darkn
And to the ſtir of commerce, driving
And thundering loud, with his ten t
They would be, were not madneſs ir
And folly in the heart; were Englar
What England was, plain, hoſpitabl
And undebauched. But we have bi
To all the virtues of thoſe better day
And all their honeſt pleaſures. Ma

1 to be ſupplanted. He that ſaw
monial timber caſt its leaf,
laſt ſcantling, and transfers the price
: ſhrewd ſharper, ere it buds again.
re landſcapes, gazed upon awhile,
vertiſed, and auctioneered away.
ntry ſtarves, and they, that feed the o'ercharged
eited lewd town with her fair dues,
t judgment ſtrip and ſtarve themſelves.
gs, that waft our riches out of ſight,
1 the gameſter's elbows, and the alert
nble motion of thoſe reſtleſs joints,
ver tire, ſoon fans them all away.
:ment too, the idol of the age,
ith many a victim. Lo, he comes!
nipotent magician, Brown, appears!
lls the venerable pile, the abode
orefathers—a grave whiſkered race,
:leſs. Springs a palace in its ſtead,
diſtant ſpot; where more expoſed
:njoy the advantage of the north,
iſh eaſt, till time ſhall have transformed
aked acres to a ſheltering grove.
ks. The lake in front becomes a lawn;
/aniſh, hills ſubſide, and vallies riſe;
ams, as if created for his uſe,

...ering foil, now roar
Ev'n as he bids! The enraptured
'Tis finiſhed, and yet, finiſhed a
Still wants a grace, the lovelieſt i
A mine to ſatisfy the enormous c
Drained to the laſt poor item of h
He ſighs, departs, and leaves the
That he has touched, retouched, r
Laboured, and many a night purſ
Juſt when it meets his hopes, and
He wanted, for a wealthier to enj
And now perhaps the glorious hou
When, having no ſtake left, no pl
Her intereſts, or that gives her ſacr
A moment's operation on his love,
He burns with moſt intenſe and fl
To ſerve his country. Miniſterial
Deals him out money from the pub
Or, if that mine be ſhut, ſome priv

Sent through the traveller's temples! He, that finds
One drop of heaven's ſweet mercy in his cup,
Can dig, beg, rot, and periſh, well content,
So he may wrap himſelf in honeſt rags
At his laſt gaſp; but could not for a world
Fiſh up his dirty and dependent bread
From pools and ditches of the commonwealth,
Sordid and ſickening at his own ſucceſs.

Ambition, avarice, penury incurred
By endleſs riot, vanity, the luſt
Of pleaſure and variety, diſpatch,
As duly as the ſwallows diſappear,
The world of wandering knights and ſquires to town.
London ingulphs them all! The ſhark is there,
And the ſhark's prey, the ſpendthrift and the leech,
That ſucks him. There the ſycophant, and he
Who, with bare-headed and obſequious bows,
Begs a warm office, doomed to a cold jail
And groat per diem, if his patron frown.
The levee ſwarms, as if in golden pomp
Were charactered on every ſtateſman's door,
"BATTERED AND BANKRUPT FORTUNES MENDED HERE."
Theſe are the charms, that fully and eclipſe
The charms of nature. 'Tis the cruel gripe,

TASK.

IV.

That at the ſound of winter's
Unpeople all our counties of t
Of fluttering, loitering, cringi
And wanton vagrants, as mak
And boundleſs as it is, a crow

Oh thou, reſort and mart of
Chequered with all complexio
And ſpotted with all crimes; i
Much that I love, and more th
And all that I abhor; thou frec
That pleaſeſt and yet ſhockeſt n
And I can weep, can hope, and
Feel wrath and pity, when I thi
Ten righteous would have ſaved
And thou haſt many righteous.—
That ſalt preſerves thee;

THE TASK.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT OF T

The post comes in.—Th
world contemplated at a
ter.—The rural amusen
compared with the fash
evening.—A brown stud
evening.—The waggone
The rural thief.—Public
them censured.—The farm
was—what she is.—The si
ners almost lost.—Causes o
of the country by the rich.—
The militia principally in
and his transformation.—R
porate.—The love of rural ob
never to be totally extin

THE TASK.

BOOK IV.

THE WINTER EVENING.

HARK! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearifome but needful length
Beſtrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright;—
He comes, the herald of a noiſy world,
With ſpattered boots, ſtrapped waiſt, and frozen locks;
News from all nations lumbering at his back.
True to his charge, the cloſe-packed load behind,
Yet careleſs what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the deſtined inn;
And, having dropped the expected bag, paſs on.
He whiſtles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold *and yet cheerful*: meſſenger of grief

Births, deaths, and marriages,
With tears, that trickled down
Faſt as the periods from his flue
Or charged with amorous ſighs
Or nymphs reſponſive, equally
His horſe and him, unconſciou
But oh the important budget! u
With ſuch heart-ſhaking muſic,
What are its tidings? have our t
Or do they ſtill, as if with opium
More to the murmurs of the Atl
Is India free? and does ſhe wear
And jewelled turban with a ſmile
Or do we grind her ſtill? The gra
The popular harangue, the tart re
The logic and the wiſdom, and th
And the loud laugh—I long to kn
I burn to ſet the impriſoned wrang
And give them

Throws up a ſteamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.
Not ſuch his evening, who with ſhining face
Sweats in the crowded theatre, and, ſqueezed
And bored with elbow-points through both his ſides,
Out-ſcolds the ranting actor on the ſtage:
Nor his, who patient ſtands till his feet throb,
And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
Of patriots, burſting with heroic rage,
Or placemen, all tranquillity and ſmiles.
This folio of four pages, happy work!
Which not ev'n critics criticiſe; that holds
Inquiſitive attention, while I read,
Faſt bound in chains of ſilence, which the fair,
Though eloquent themſelves, yet fear to break;
What is it, but a map of buſy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vaſt concerns?
Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge,
That tempts ambition. On the ſummit ſee
The ſeals of office glitter in his eyes;
He climbs, he pants, he graſps them! At his heels,
Cloſe at his heels, a demagogue aſcends,
And with a dexterous jerk ſoon twiſts him down,
And wins them, but to loſe them in his turn.
Here rills of oily eloquence in ſoft

Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoug
However trivial all that he conceives.
Sweet baſhfulneſs! it claims at leaſt thi
The dearth of information and good ſen
That it foretells us always comes to paſs
Cataracts of declamation thunder here;
There foreſts of no meaning ſpread the p
In which all comprehenſion wanders lo
While fields of pleaſantry amuſe us ther
With merry deſcants on a nation's woes.
The reſt appears a wilderneſs of ſtrange
But gay confuſion; roſes for the cheeks,
And lilies for the brows of faded age,
Teeth for the toothleſs, ringlets for the ba
Heaven, earth, and ocean, plundered of t
Nectareous eſſences, Olympian dews,
Sermons, and city feaſts, and favourite ai
Æthereal journies, ſubmarine exploits,

Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar ſhe ſends through all her gates
At a ſafe diſtance, where the dying ſound
Falls a ſoft murmur on the uninjured ear.
Thus ſitting, and ſurveying thus at eaſe
The globe and its concerns, I ſeem advanced
To ſome ſecure and more than mortal height,
That liberates and exempts me from them all.
It turns ſubmitted to my view, turns round
With all its generations; I behold
The tumult, and am ſtill. The ſound of war
Has loſt its terrors ere it reaches me;
Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn the pride
And avarice, that make man a wolf to man;
Hear the faint echo of thoſe brazen throats,
By which he ſpeaks the language of his heart,
And ſigh, but never tremble at the ſound.
He travels and expatiates, as the bee
From flower to flower, ſo he from land to land;
The manners, cuſtoms, policy, of all
Pay contribution to the ſtore he gleans;
He ſucks intelligence in every clime,
And ſpreads the honey of his deep reſearch
At his return—a rich repaſt for me.
He travels, and I too. I tread his deck,
Aſcend *his topmaſt, through* his peering eyes

... finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is ſtill at home

Oh Winter, ruler of the inverted year,
Thy ſcattered hair with ſleet like aſhes fille
Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy ch
Fringed with a beard made white with othe
Than thoſe of age, thy forehead wrapt in cl
A leafleſs branch thy ſceptre, and thy thron
A ſliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urged by ſtorms along its ſlippery way,
I love thee, all unlovely as thou ſeemeſt,
And dreaded as thou art! Thou holdeſt the f
A priſoner in the yet undawning eaſt,
Shortening his journey between morn and no
And hurrying him, impatient of his ſtay,
Down to the roſy weſt; but kindly ſtill
Compenſating his loſs with added hours
Of ſocial converſe and inſtructive eaſe,
And gathering at ſhort notice

Of undiſturbed retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening, know.
No rattling wheels ſtop ſhort before theſe gates;
No powdered pert proficient in the art
Of ſounding an alarm aſſaults theſe doors
Till the ſtreet rings; no ſtationary ſteeds
Cough their own knell, while, heedleſs of the ſou
The ſilent circle fan themſelves, and quake:
But here the needle plies its buſy taſk,
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flower,
Wrought patiently into the ſnowy lawn,
Unfolds its boſom; buds, and leaves, and ſprigs,
And curling tendrils, gracefully diſpoſed,
Follow the nimble finger of the fair;
A wreath, that cannot fade, of flowers, that blow
With moſt ſucceſs when all beſides decay.
The poet's or hiſtorian's page by one
Is vocal for the amuſement of the reſt;
The ſprightly lyre, whoſe treaſure of ſweet ſounds
And touch from many a trembling chord ſhakes out;
The clear voice ſymphonious, yet diſtinct,
In the charming ſtrife triumphant ſtill;
Are the night, and ſet a keener edge
Male induſtry: the threaded ſteel
Swiftly, and unfelt the taſk proceeds.
The lume cloſed, the cuſtomary rites

Delicious, when not pamper'd to ...
Perhaps by moonlight, at their humb
And under an old oak's domeſtic ſhad
Enjoyed, ſpare feaſt! a radiſh and an
Diſcourſe enſues, not trivial, yet not
Nor ſuch as with a frown forbids the
Of fancy, or proſcribes the ſound of
Nor do we madly, like an impious w
Who deem religion frenzy, and the G
That made them, an intruder on thei
Start at his awful name, or deem his
A jarring note. Themes of a graver
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
While we retrace with memory's poi
That calls the paſt to our exact revie
The danger's we have 'ſcaped, the b
The diſappointed foe, deliverance fou
Unlooked for, life preſerved and peac
Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.

Is winter hideous in a garb like this?
Needs he the tragic fur, the ſmoke of lamps,
The pent-up breath of an unſavoury throng,
To thaw him into feeling; or the ſmart
And ſnappiſh dialogue, that flippant wits
Call comedy, to prompt him with a ſmile?
The ſelf-complacent actor, when he views
(Stealing a ſide-long glance at a full houſe)
The ſlope of faces, from the floor to the roof,
(As if one maſter-ſpring controuled them all)
Relaxed into an univerſal grin,
Sees not a countenance there, that ſpeaks of joy
Half ſo refined or ſo ſincere as our's.
Cards were ſuperfluous here, with all the tricks,
That idleneſs has ever yet contrived
To fill the void of an unfurniſhed brain,
To palliate dulneſs, and give time a ſhove:
Time, as he paſſes us, has a dove's wing,
Unſoiled, and ſwift, and of a ſilken ſound;
But the world's time is time in maſquerade!
Their's, ſhould I paint him, has his pinions fledged
With motley plumes; and, where the peacock ſhows
His azure eyes, is tinctured black and red
With ſpots quadrangular of diamond form,
Enſanguined hearts, clubs typical of ſtrife,
And ſpades, *the emblem* of untimely graves.

Thus decked, he charms a world wh
To his true worth, moſt pleaſed whe
Whoſe only happy are their wafted h
E'en miſſes, at whoſe age their moth
The back-ſtring and the bib, aſſume t
Of womanhood, ſit pupils in the ſcho
Of card-devoted time, and night by ni
Placed at ſome vacant corner of the bo
Learn every trick, and ſoon play all th
But truce with cenſure. Roving as I
Where ſhall I find an end, or how proc
As he that travels far oft turns aſide
To view ſome rugged rock or mouldering
Which ſeen delights him not; then co
Deſcribes and prints it, that the world
How far he went for what was nothing
So I, with bruſh in hand and pallet ſpr
With colours mixed for a far different
Paint cards and dolls, and

Methinks I ſee thee in the ſtreaky weſt,
With matron-ſtep ſlow-moving, while the night
Treads on thy ſweeping train; one hand employed
In letting fall the curtain of repoſe
On bird and beaſt, the other charged for man
With ſweet oblivion of the cares of day:
Not ſumptuouſly adorned, nor needing aid,
Like homely-featured night, of cluſtering gems;
A ſtar or two, juſt twinkling on thy brow,
Suffices thee; ſave that the moon is thine
No leſs than her's, not worn indeed on high
With oſtentatious pageantry, but ſet
With modeſt grandeur in thy purple zone,
Reſplendent leſs, but of an ampler round.
Come then, and thou ſhalt find thy votary calm,
Or make me ſo. Compoſure is thy gift.
And, whether I devote thy gentle hours
To books, to muſic, or the poet's toil;
To weaving nets for bird-alluring fruit;
Or twining ſilken threads round ivory reels,
When they command whom man was born to pleaſe;
I ſlight thee not, but make thee welcome ſtill.

Juſt when our drawing-rooms begin to blaze
With lights, by clear reflection multiplied
From many a *mirror, in* which he of Gath,

The glowing hearth may fatis
With faint illumination, that
The ſhadows to the ceiling, tl
Dancing uncouthly to the qu
Not undelightful is an hour tc
So ſpent in parlour twilight: 1
Suits well the thoughtful or u
The mind contemplative, with
Pregnant, or indiſpoſed alike tc
Laugh ye, who boaſt your mo
That never felt a ſtupor, know
Nor need one; I am conſcious
Fearleſs a ſoul, that does not al
Me oft has fancy ludicrous and
Soothed with a waking dream
Trees, churches, and ſtrange vi
In the red cinders, while with 1
I gazed, myſelf creating what I
Nor leſs amuſed have I quieſcer

'Tis thus the underſtanding takes repoſe
In indolent vacuity of thought,
And ſleeps and is refreſhed. Meanwhile the face
Conceals the mood lethargic with a maſk
Of deep deliberation, as the man
Were taſked to his full ſtrength, abſorbed and loſt.
Thus oft, reclined at eaſe, I loſe an hour
At evening, till at length the freezing blaſt,
That ſweeps the bolted ſhutter, ſummons home
The recollected powers; and ſnapping ſhort
The glaſſy threads, with which the fancy weaves
Her brittle toils, reſtores me to myſelf.
How calm is my receſs; and how the froſt,
Raging abroad, and the rough wind endear
The ſilence and the warmth enjoyed within!
I ſaw the woods and fields at cloſe of day
A variegated ſhow; the meadows green,
Through faded; and the lands, where lately waved
The golden harveſt, of a mellow brown,
Upturned ſo lately by the forceful ſhare.
I ſaw far off the weedy fallows ſmile
With verdure not unprofitable, grazed
By flocks, faſt feeding, and ſelecting each
His favourite herb; while all the leafleſs groves,
That ſkirt the horizon, wore a ſable hue,
Scarce noticed in the kindred duſk of eve.

Which even now, [illegible]
And ſlowly, and by moſt unfelt, the [illegible]
Of univerſal nature undergoes.
Faſt falls a fleecy ſhower: the downy flak
Deſcending, and with never-ceaſing lapſe,
Softly alighting upon all below,
Aſſimilate all objects. Earth receives
Gladly the thickening mantle; and the
And tender blade, that feared the chillin
Eſcapes unhurt beneath ſo warm a veil

In ſuch a world, ſo thorny, and wh
Finds happineſs unblighted; or, if fo
Without ſome thiſtly ſorrow at its ſid
It ſeems the part of wiſdom, and no
Againſt the law of love, to meaſure
With leſs diſtinguiſhed than ourſelv
We may with patience bear our m
And ſympathiſe with others, ſuffer
[illegible]ler now, and he

The toiling fteeds expand the noſtril wide,
While every breath, by reſpiration ſtrong
Forced downward, is conſolidated ſoon
Upon their jutting chefts. He, formed to bear
The pelting brunt of the tempeſtuous night,
With half-ſhut eyes, and puckered cheeks, and teeth
Preſented bare againſt the ſtorm, plods on.
One hand ſecures his hat, ſave when with both
He brandiſhes his pliant length of whip,
Reſounding oft, and never heard in vain.
O happy; and in my account denied
That ſenſibility of pain, with which
Refinement is endued, thrice happy thou!
Thy frame, robuſt and hardy, feels indeed
The piercing cold, but feels it unimpaired.
The learned finger never need explore
Thy vigorous pulſe; and the unhealthful eaſt,
That breathes the ſpleen, and ſeaiches every bone
Of the infirm, is wholeſome air to thee.
Thy days roll on exempt from houſehold care;
Thy waggon is thy wife; and the poor beaſts,
That drag the dull companion to and fro,
Thine helpleſs charge, dependent on thy care.
Ah treat them kindly! rude as thou appeareſt,
Yet ſhow that thou haſt mercy! which the great,

Poor, yet induſtrious, r
Such claim compaſſion ir
And have a friend in ever
Warmed, while it laſts, b
They brave the ſeaſon, an
Ill clad, and fed but ſparel
The frugal houſewife trem
Her ſcanty ſtock of bruſh-v
But dying ſoon, like all terr
The few ſmall embers left
And, while her infant race,
And crowded knees, ſit cov
Retires, content to quake, f
The man feels leaſt, as mo
To winter, and the current
More briſkly moved by his
Yet he too finds his own di
The taper ſoon extinguiſh-

Sleep ſeems their only refuge: for alas,
Where penury is felt the thought is chained,
And ſweet colloquial pleaſures are but few!
With all this thrift they thrive not. All the care,
Ingenious parſimony takes, but juſt
Saves the ſmall inventory, bed, and ſtool,
Skillet, and old carved cheſt, from public ſale.
They live, and live without extorted alms
From grudging hands; but other boaſt have none
To ſooth their honeſt pride, that ſcorns to beg,
Nor comfort elſe, but in their mutual love.
I praiſe you much, ye meek and patient pair,
For ye are worthy; chooſing rather far
A dry but independent cruſt, hard earned,
And eaten with a ſigh, than to endure
The rugged frowns and inſolent rebuffs
Of knaves in office, partial in the work
Of diſtribution; liberal of their aid
To clamorous importunity in rags,
But oft-times deaf to ſuppliants, who would bluſh
To wear a tattered garb however coarſe,
Whom famine cannot reconcile to filth:
Theſe aſk with painful ſhyneſs, and, refuſed
Becauſe deſerving, ſilently retire!
But be ye of good courage! Time itſelf
Shall much befriend you. Time ſhall give increaſe;

...bour too. Mean
What, conſcious of your
Nor what a wealthier th
I mean the man, who, v
Need help, denies them

But poverty with moſt
Their long complaints, is
The effect of lazineſs or fo
Now goes the nightly thie
For plunder; much ſolici
He may compenſate for a
By works of darkneſs and
Woe to the gardener's pale
Plaſhed neatly, and ſecure
Deep in the loamy bank.
Reſiſtleſs in ſo bad a cauſe
To better deeds, he bundl
An aſs's burden, and. wh

Where Chanticleer amidſt his haram ſleeps
In unſuſpecting pomp. Twitched from the perch,
He gives the princely bird, with all his wives,
To his voracious bag, ſtruggling in vain,
And loudly wondering at the ſudden change.
Nor this to feed his own. 'Twere ſome excuſe,
Did pity of their ſufferings warp aſide
His principle, and tempt him into ſin
For their ſupport, ſo deſtitute. But they
Neglected pine at home; themſelves, as more
Expoſed than others, with leſs ſcruple made
His victims, robbed of their defenceleſs all.
Cruel is all he does. 'Tis quenchleſs thirſt
Of ruinous ebriety, that prompts
His every action, and imbrutes the man.
Oh for a law to nooſe the villain's neck,
Who ſtarves his own; who perſecutes the blood
He gave them in his children's veins, and hates
And wrongs the woman, he has ſworn to love!

Paſs where we may, through city or through town,
Village, or hamlet, of this merry land,
Though lean and beggared, every twentieth pace
Conducts the unguarded noſe to ſuch a whiff
Of ſtale debauch, forth-iſſuing from the ſtyes,
That law has licenſed, as makes temperance reel.

The lackey, and the groom: the c
Takes a Lethean leave of all his toi
Smith, cobbler, joiner, he that plie
And he that kneads the dough; all
All learned, and all drunk! the fidd
Plaintive and piteous, as it wept and
Its wafted tones and harmony unhe
Fierce the diſpute whate'er the them
Fell Diſcord, arbitreſs of ſuch debate
Perched on the ſign-poſt, holds with
Her undeciſive ſcales. In this ſhe la
A weight of ignorance; in that, of pi
And ſmiles delighted with the eternal
Dire is the frequent curſe, and its twir
The cheek-diſtending oath, not to be
As ornamental, muſical, polite,
Like thoſe, which modern ſenators em
Whoſe oath is rhetoric, and who ſwea
Behold the ſchools, in which

er incumbered lap. and casts them out.
ıre profits little: vain the attempt
tise in verse a public pest,
the filth, with which the peasant feeds
;ry acres, stinks, and is of use.
se is fattened with the rich result
s riot; and ten thousand casks,
dribbling out their base contents,
by the Midas finger of the state,
d for ministers to sport away.
ıd be mad then; 'tis your country bids!
y drunk obey the important call!
: demands the affiftance of your throats;—
ı swallow, and she asks no more.

I had fallen upon those happier days,
ts celebrate; those golden times,
: Arcadian scenes, that Maro sings,
ey, warbler of poetic prose.
were Dianas then, and swains had hearts,
their virtues: innocence, it seems,
ırts dismissed, found shelter in the groves;
teps of simplicity, impressed
yielding herbage, (so they sing)
e not all effaced: then speech profane,
ners profligate, were rarely found;

Imparting ſubſtance to an er
Impoſed a gay delirium for a
Grant it: I ſtill muſt envy th
That favoured ſuch a dream;
Impoſſible, when virtue is ſo
That to ſuppoſe a ſcene wher
Is tramontane, and ſtumbles
No: we are poliſhed now. T
Whom once her virgin modeſt
Her artleſs manners, and her n
So dignified, that ſhe was harc
Than the fair ſhepherdeſs of ol
Is ſeen no more. The charact
Her head, adorned with lappets
And ribbands ſtreaming gay, ſu
And magnified beyond all hum
Indebted to ſome ſmart wig-wea
For more than half the treſſes it
Her elbows ruffled, and

Expect her ſoon with foot-boy at her heels,
No longer bluſhing for her awkward load,
Her train and her umbrella all her care!

The town has tinged the country; and the ſtain
Appears a ſpot upon a veſtal's robe,
The worſe for what it ſoils. The faſhion runs
Down into ſcenes ſtill rural; but alas,
Scenes rarely graced with rural manners now!
Time was when in the paſtoral retreat
The unguarded door was ſafe; men did not watch
To invade another's right, or guard their own.
Then ſleep was undiſturbed by fear, unſcared
By drunken howlings; and the chilling tale
Of midnight murder was a wonder heard
With doubtful credit, told to frighten babes.
But farewell now to unſuſpicious nights,
And ſlumbers unalarmed! Now, ere you ſleep,
See that your poliſhed arms be primed with care,
And drop the night-bolt;—ruffians are abroad;
And the firſt larum of the cock's ſhrill throat
May prove a trumpet, ſummoning your ear
To horrid ſounds of hoſtile feet within.
Ev'n daylight has its dangers; and the walk
Through pathleſs waſtes and woods, unconſcious once
Of other tenants than melodious birds,

The courſe of human things from good to
From ill to worſe, is fatal, never fails.
Increaſe of power begets increaſe of wealth
Wealth luxury, and luxury exceſs;
Exceſs, the ſcrofulous and itchy plague,
That ſeizes firſt the opulent, deſcends
To the next rank contagious, and in time
Taints downward all the graduated ſcale
Of order, from the chariot to the plough.
The rich, and they, that have an arm to ch
The licence of the loweſt in degree,
Deſert their office; and themſelves, intent
On pleaſure, haunt the capital, and thus
To all the violence of lawleſs hands
Reſign the ſcenes, their preſence might prot
Authority herſelf not ſeldom ſleeps,
Though reſident, and witneſs of the wrong.
The plump convivial parſon often bears
The magiſterial ſword in vain, and l

Himſelf enſlaved by terror of the band,
The audacious convict, whom he dares not bind.
Perhaps, though by profeſſion ghoſtly pure,
He too may have his vice, and ſometimes prove
Leſs dainty than becomes his grave outſide
In lucrative concerns. Examine well
His milk-white hand; the palm is hardly clean—
But here and there an ugly ſmutch appears.
Foh! 'twas a bribe that left it: he has touched
Corruption. Whoſo ſeeks an audit here
Propitious, pays his tribute, game or fiſh,
Wild fowl or veniſon; and his errand ſpeeds.

But ſafter far, and more than all the reſt,
A noble cauſe, which none, who bears a ſpark
Of public virtue, ever wiſhed removed,
Works the deplored and miſchievous effect.
'Tis univerſal ſoldierſhip has ſtabbed
The heart of merit in the meaner claſs.
Arms, through the vanity and brainleſs rage
Of thoſe that bear them, in whatever cauſe,
Seem moſt at variance with all moral good,
And incompatible with ſerious thought.
The clown, the child of nature, without guile,
Bleſt with an infant's ignorance of all

Sheepiſh he doffs his hat, and
A bible-oath to be whate'er th
To do he knows not what.
That inſtant he becomes the ſ
His pupil, and his torment, a
His awkward gait, his introver
Bent knees, round ſhoulders, a
Procure him many a curſe. E
Unapt to learn, and formed of
He yet by ſlow degrees puts off
Grows conſcious of a change,
He ſtands erect; his ſlouch bec
He ſteps right onward, martial
His form, and movement; is as
As meal and larded locks can m
His hat, or his plumed helmet,
And, his three years of heroſhip
Returns indignant to the ſlighted

But with his clumſy port the wretch has loſt
His ignorance and harmleſs manners too.
To ſwear, to game, to drink; to ſhow at home
By lewdneſs, idleneſs, and ſabbath-breach,
The great proficiency he made abroad;
To aſtoniſh and to grieve his gazing friends;
To break ſome maiden's and his mother's heart;
To be a peſt where he was uſeful once;
Are his ſole aim, and all his glory, now.

Man in ſociety is like a flower
Blown in its native bed: 'tis there alone
His faculties, expanded in full bloom,
Shine out; there only reach their proper uſe.
But man, aſſociated and leagued with man
By regal warrant, or ſelf-joined by bond
For intereſt-ſake, or ſwarming into clans
Beneath one head for purpoſes of war,
Like flowers ſelected from the reſt, and bound
And bundled cloſe to fill ſome crowded vaſe,
Fades rapidly, and by compreſſion marred
Contracts defilement not to be endured.
Hence chartered boroughs are ſuch public plagues;
And burghers, men immaculate perhaps
In all their private functions, once combined,

Hence merchants, unimpeachable of ſin
Againſt the charities of domeſtic life,
Incorporated ſeem at once to loſe
Their nature; and diſclaiming all regard
For mercy and the common rights of man
Build factories with blood, conducting trade
At the ſword's point, and dyeing the white
Of innocent commercial juſtice red.
Hence too the field of glory, as the world
Miſdeems it, dazzled by its bright array,
With all its majeſty of thundering pomp,
Enchanting muſic and immortal wreaths,
Is but a ſchool, were thoughtleſſneſs is taught
On principle, where foppery atones
For folly, gallantry for every vice.

But ſlighted as it is, and by the great
Abandoned, and, which ſtill I more regret,
Infected with the manners and the [illegible]

My fancy, ere yet liberty of choice
Had found me, or the hope of being free.
My very dreams were rural; rural too
The firſt-born efforts of my youthful muſe,
Sportive and jingling her poetic bells,
Ere yet her ear was miſtreſs of their powers.
No bard could pleaſe me but whoſe lyre was tuned
To Nature's praiſes. Heroes and their feats
Fatigued me, never weary of the pipe
Of Tityrus, aſſembling, as he ſang,
The ruſtic throng beneath his favourite beech.
Then Milton had indeed a poet's charms:
New to my taſte his Paradiſe ſurpaſſed
The ſtruggling efforts of my boyiſh tongue
To ſpeak its excellence. I danced for joy.
I marvelled much that, at ſo ripe an age
As twice ſeven years, his beauties had then firſt
Engaged my wonder; and admiring ſtill,
And ſtill admiring, with regret ſuppoſed
The joy half loſt becauſe not ſooner found.
There too enamoured of the life I loved,
Pathetic in its praiſe, in its purſuit
Determined, and poſſeſſing it at laſt
With tranſports, ſuch as favoured lovers feel,
I ſtudied, prized, and wiſhed that I had known,

I ſtill revere thee, courtly though retired;
Though ſtretched at eaſe in Chertſey's ſil
Not unemployed; and finding rich amen
For a loſt world in ſolitude and verſe.
'Tis born with all: the love of Nature's w
Is an ingredient in the compound man,
Infuſed at the creation of the kind.
And, though the Almighty Maker has thr
Diſcriminated each from each, by ſtrokes
And touches of his hand, with ſo much ar
Diverſified, that two were never found
Twins at all points—yet this obtains in all,
That all diſcern a beauty in his works,
And all can taſte them: minds, that have b
And tutored with a reliſh more exact,
But none without ſome reliſh, none unmo
It is a flame, that dies not even there,
Where nothing feeds it: neither buſineſs, c
Nor habits of [illegible]

The villas, with which London ſtands begirt,
Like a ſwarth Indian with his belt of beads,
Prove it. A breath of unadulterate air,
The glimpſe of a green paſture, how they cheer
The citizen, and brace his languid frame!
Ev'n in the ſtifling boſom of the town
A garden, in which nothing thrives, has charms,
That ſooth the rich poſſeſſor; much conſoled,
That here and there ſome ſprigs of mournful mint,
Of nightſhade or valerian, grace the well
He cultivates. Theſe ſerve him with a hint
That nature lives; that ſight-refreſhing green
Is ſtill the livery ſhe delights to wear,
Though ſickly ſamples of the exuberant whole.
What are the caſements lined with creeping herbs,
The prouder faſhes fronted with a range
Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed,
The Frenchman's * darling? are they not all proofs
That man, immured in cities, ſtill retains
His inborn inextinguiſhable thirſt
Of rural ſcenes, compenſating his loſs
By ſupplemental ſhifts, the beſt he may?
The moſt unfurniſhed with the means of life,

* Mignonnette.

brick-wall bounds
ir lungs with air,
er-head
ed thick,
itcher ſtands
-pot there;
n regrets
e contrives
o more.

alth and eaſe,
ng joys
ronged abode
ral life!
urſuit
e;
aſe,
ucceſs.
will have
very man

To feel, and courage to redreſs her wrongs;
To monarchs dignity; to judges ſenſe;
To artiſts ingenuity and ſkill;
To me, an unambitious mind, content
In the low vale of life, that early felt
A wiſh for eaſe and leiſure, and ere long
Found here that leiſure and that eaſe I wiſhed.

THE TASK.

BOOK V.

ARGUMENT OF

A frosty morning.—T
woodman and his do
effects of frost at a
Russia's palace of ice.—
War, one of them.—I
monarchy.—The evils o
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THE TASK.

BOOK V.

THE WINTER MORNING WALK.

'Tis morning; and the ſun, with ruddy orb
Aſcending, fires the horizon; while the clouds,
That crowd away before the driving wind,
More ardent as the diſk emerges more,
Reſemble moſt ſome city in a blaze,
Seen through the leafleſs wood. His ſlanting ray
Slides ineffectual down the ſnowy vale,
And, tinging all with his own roſy hue,
From every herb and every ſpiry blade
Stretches a length of ſhadow o'er the field.
Mine, ſpindling into longitude immenſe,
In ſpite of gravity, and ſage remark
That I myſelf am but a fleeting ſhade,

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woodman and his dog.—The
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Mine, ſpindling into longitude immenſe,
In ſpite of gravity, and ſage remark
That I myſelf am but a fleeting ſhade,

Transformed to a lean
As they defigned to m
Take ſtep for ſtep; and
The cottage, walk along
Prepoſterous ſight! the
The verdure of the plain
Beneath the dazzling del
And coarſer graſs, upſpea
Of late unſightly and unſe
Conſpicuous, and in bright
And fledged with icy feathe
The cattle mourn in corner
Screens them, and ſeem hall
In unrecumbent ſadneſs. T
Their wonted fodder; not lik
Fretful if unſupplied; but ſile
And patient of the ſlow-paced
He from the ſtack carves out t
Deep-plunging

ıs, or its own unbalanced weight.
:s the woodman, leaving unconcerned
:rful haunts of man, to wield the axe
e the wedge in yonder foreſt drear,
›m to eve his ſolitary taſk.
ınd lean, and ſhrewd, with pointed ears
cropped ſhort, half lurcher and half cur,
ıttends him. Cloſe behind his heel
:ps he ſlow; and now, with many a friſk
mpering, ſnatches up the drifted ſnow
y teeth, or ploughs it with his ſnout;
kes his powdered coat, and barks for joy.
of all his pranks, the ſturdy churl
;ht toward the mark; nor ſtops for aught,
and then with preſſure of his thumb
the fragrant charge of a ſhort tube,
es beneath his noſe: the trailing cloud
ır behind him, ſcenting all the air.
ı the rooſt, or from the neighbouring pale,
.ligent to catch the firſt faint gleam
; day, they goſſiped ſide by ſide,
›ping at the houſewife's well-known call
:red tribes domeſtic. Half on wing,
›n foot, they bruſh the fleecy flood,
and fearful of too deep a plunge.
›ws peep, and quit the ſheltering eaves

To ſcape the impending fall
As oft return, a pert voracious
Clean riddance quickly made
Remains to each, the ſearch
Or ſhed impervious to the bl
To ſad neceſſity, the cock fo
His wonted ſtrut; and wadin
With well-conſidered ſteps, ſ
His altered gait and ſtateline
How find the myriads, that i
The hills and vallies with the
Due ſuſtenance, or where ſub
Earth yields them nought; th
Beneath the frozen clod; all
Lie covered cloſe; and berry-
That feed the thruſh, (whate
Afford the ſmaller minſtrels n
The long protracted rigour of
Thins all their numerous flock

e way-ſide, or ſtalking in the path,
penſioners upon the traveller's track,
ıp their nauſeous dole, though ſweet to them,
ided pulſe or half digeſted grain.
treams are loſt amid the ſplendid blank,
helming all diſtinction. On the flood,
ated and fixt, the ſnowy weight
ındiſſolved; while ſilently beneath,
ımperceived, the current ſteals away.
o where, ſcornful of a check, it leaps
nill-dam, daſhes on the reſtleſs wheel,
wantons in the pebbly gulph below:
oft can bind it there; its utmoſt force
ıut arreſt the light and ſmoky miſt,
in its fall the liquid ſheet throws wide.
ee where it has hung the embroidered banks
forms ſo various, that no powers of art,
ıencil or the pen, may trace the ſcene!
glittering turrets riſe, upbearing high
aftic miſarrangement!) on the roof
growth of what may ſeem the ſparkling trees
hrubs of fairy land. The cryſtal drops,
trickle down the branches, faſt congealed,
: into pillars of pellucid length,
ɔrop the pile, they but adorned before,
grotto within grotto ſafe defies

The likeneſs of ſome object ſeen before.
Thus nature works as if to mock at art,
And in defiance of her rival powers;
By theſe fortuitous and random ſtrokes
Performing ſuch inimitable feats,
As ſhe with all her rules can never reach
Leſs worthy of applauſe, though more ad
Becauſe a novelty, the work of man,
Imperial miſtreſs of the fur-clad Ruſs!
Thy moſt magnificent and mighty freak,
The wonder of the North. No foreſt fel
When thou wouldſt build; no quarry ſer
To enrich thy walls: but thou didſt hew
And make thy marble of the glaſſy wave.
In ſuch a palace Ariſtæus found
Cyrene, when he bore the plaintive tale
Of his loſt bees to her maternal ear:
In ſuch a palace poetry might place

Silently as a dream the fabric roſe;
No ſound of hammer or of ſaw was there:
Ice upon ice, the well-adjuſted parts
Were ſoon conjoined, nor other cement aſked
Than water interfuſed to make them one.
Lamps gracefully diſpoſed, and of all hues,
Illumined every ſide: a watery light
Gleamed through the clear tranſparency, that ſeemed
Another moon new riſen, or meteor fallen
From heaven to earth, of lambent flame ſerene.
So ſtood the brittle prodigy; though ſmooth
And ſlippery the materials, yet froſt-bound
Firm as a rock. Nor wanted aught within,
That royal reſidence might well befit,
For grandeur or for uſe. Long wavy wreaths
Of flowers, that feared no enemy but warmth,
Bluſhed on the pannels. Mirror needed none
Where all was vitreous; but in order due
Convivial table and commodious ſeat
(What ſeemed at leaſt commodious ſeat) were there;
Sofa, and couch, and high-built throne auguſt.
The ſame lubricity was found in all,
And all was moiſt to the warm touch; a ſcene
Of evaneſcent glory, once a ſtream,
And ſoon to ſlide into a ſtream again.
Alas! 'twas but a mortifying ſtroke

'Twas durable; as worthleſs, as it ſ
Intrinſically precious; to the foot
Treacherous and falſe; it ſmiled, ar

Great princes have great playthings
At hewing mountains into men, an
At building human wonders mount
Some have amuſed the dull, ſad yea
(Life ſpent in indolence, and therefo
With ſchemes of monumental fame
By pyramids and mauſolean pomp,
Short-lived themſelves, to immortali
Some ſeek diverſion in the tented fiel
And make the ſorrows of mankind t
But war's a game, which, were their
Kings would not play at. Nations w
To extort their truncheons from the
Of heroes, whoſe infirm and baby mi

Confederacy of projectors wild and vain
Was ſplit into diverſity of tongues,
Then, as a ſhepherd ſeparates his flock,
Theſe to the upland, to the valley thoſe,
God drave aſunder, and aſſigned their lot
To all the nations. Ample was the boon
He gave them, in its diſtribution fair
And equal; and he bade them dwell in peace.
Peace was awhile their care: they ploughed, and ſowed,
And reaped their plenty without grudge or ſtrife.
But violence can never longer ſleep
Than human paſſions pleaſe. In every heart
Are ſown the ſparks, that kindle fiery war;
Occaſion needs but fan them, and they blaze.
Cain had already ſhed a brother's blood:
The deluge waſhed it out; but left unquenched
The ſeeds of murder in the breaſt of man.
Soon by a righteous judgment in the line
Of his deſcending progeny was found
The firſt artificer of death; the ſhrewd
Contriver, who firſt ſweated at the forge,
And forced the blunt and yet unbloodied ſteel
To a keen edge, and made it bright for war.
Him, Tubal named, the Vulcan of old times,
The ſword and falchion their inventor claim;

In tribes and clans, and had begun to ca
Theſe meadows and that range of hills h
The taſted ſweets of property begat
Deſire of more; and induſtry in ſome
To improve and cultivate their juſt deme
Made others covet what they ſaw ſo fair
Thus war began on earth: theſe fought
And thoſe in ſelf-defence. Savage at firſ
The onſet, and irregular. At length
One eminent above the reſt for ſtrength,
For ſtratagem, or courage, or for all,
Was choſen leader; him they ſerved in
And him in peace, for ſake of warlike de
Reverenced no leſs. Who could with h
Or who ſo worthy to control themſelves
As he, whoſe proweſs had ſubdued their
Thus war, affording field for the diſplay
Of virtue, made one chief, whom times

So dazzling in their eyes, who ſet it on,
Was ſure to intoxicate the brows it bound.
It is the abject property of moſt,
That, being parcel of the common maſs,
And deſtitute of means to raiſe themſelves,
They ſink, and ſettle lower than they need.
They know not what it is to feel within
A comprehenſive faculty, that graſps
Great purpoſes with eaſe, that turns and wields,
Almoſt without an effort, plans too vaſt
For their conception, which they cannot move.
Conſcious of impotence they ſoon grow drunk
With gazing, when they ſee an able man
Step forth to notice; and beſotted thus
Build him a pedeſtal, and ſay, "Stand there,
'And be our admiration and our praiſe."
They roll themſelves before him in the duſt,
Then moſt deſerving in their own account
When moſt extravagant in his applauſe,
As if exalting him they raiſed themſelves.
Thus by degrees, ſelf-cheated of their ſound
And ſober judgment, that he is but man,
They demi-deify and fume him ſo,
That in due ſeaſon he forgets it too.
Inflated and aſtrut with ſelf-conceit,
He gulps the windy diet; and ere long,

To bear his burdens, drawing in his gears
And ſweating in his ſervice, his caprice
Becomes the ſoul, that animates them all.
He deems a thouſand, or ten thouſand liv
Spent in the purchaſe of renown for him,
An eaſy reckoning; and they think the ſa
Thus kings were firſt invented, and thus ki
Were burniſhed into heroes, and became
The arbiters of this terraqueous ſwamp;
Storks among frogs, that have but croaked
Strange, that ſuch folly, as lifts bloated ma
To eminence fit only for a god,
Should ever drivel out of human lips,
Even in the cradled weakneſs of the world!
Still ſtranger much, that when at length ma
Had reached the ſinewy firmneſs of their yo
And could diſcriminate and argue well
On ſubjects more myſterious, they were yet
Babes in the cauſe of freedom

a wiſdom, and with philoſophic deeds
'amiliar, ſerve to emancipate the reſt!
uch dupes are men to cuſtom, and ſo prone
'o reverence what is ancient, and can plead
a courſe of long obſervance for its uſe,
'hat even ſervitude, the worſt of ills,
ecauſe delivered down from ſire to ſon,
s kept and guarded as a ſacred thing.
ut is it fit, or can it bear the ſhock
f rational diſcuſſion, that a man,
ompounded and made up like other men
f elements tumultuous, in whom luſt
nd folly in as ample meaſure meet,
s in the boſoms of the ſlaves he rules,
hould be a deſpot abſolute, and boaſt
limſelf the only freeman of his land?
hould, when he pleaſes, and on whom he will,
Vage war, with any or with no pretence
f provocation given, or wrong ſuſtained,
nd force the beggarly laſt doit by means,
hat his own humour dictates, from the clutch
f poverty, that thus he may procure
is thouſands, weary of penurious life,
ſplendid opportunity to die?
ay ye, who (with leſs prudence than of old
ytham aſcribed to his aſſembled trees

Rejoice in him, and celebrate his
Where find ye paſſive fortitude?
Your ſelf-denying zeal, that holds
To ſtroke the prickly grievance, a
His thorns with ſtreamers of cont
We too are friends to loyalty. W
The king, who loves the law, reſp
And reigns content within them:
Freely and with delight, who leav
But recollecting ſtill that he is ma
We truſt him not too far. King tl
And king in England too, he may
And vain enough to be ambitious
May exerciſe amiſs his proper pow
Or covet more than freemen chooſ
Beyond that mark is treaſon. He
To adminiſter, to guard, to adorn,
But not to warp or change it. We
To ſerve him nobly in th

We love the man, the paltry pageant you:
We the chief patron of the commonwealth,
You the regardleſs author of its woes:
We for the ſake of liberty a king,
You chains and bondage for a tyrant's ſake.
Our love is principle, and has its root
In reaſon, is judicious, manly, free;
Your's, a blind inſtinct, crouches to the rod,
And licks the foot, that treads it in the duſt.
Were kingſhip as true treaſure as it ſeems,
Sterling, and worthy of a wiſe man's wiſh,
I would not be a king to be beloved
Cauſeleſs, and daubed with undiſcerning praiſe,
Where love is mere attachment to the throne,
Not to the man, who fills it as he ought.

Whoſe freedom is by ſufferance, and at will
Of a ſuperior, he is never free.
Who lives, and is not weary of a life
Expoſed to manacles, deſerves them well.
The ſtate, that ſtrives for liberty, though foiled,
And forced to abandon what ſhe bravely fought,
Deſerves at leaſt applauſe for her attempt,
And pity for her loſs. But that's a cauſe
Not often unſucceſsful: power uſurped

Of freedom, in that hope itſelf poſſeſs
All that the conteſt calls for; ſpirit, ſtre
The ſcorn of danger, and united hearts;
The ſureſt preſage of the good they ſeek

Then ſhame to manhood, and opprob
To France than all her loſſes and defeats
Old or of later date, by ſea or land,
Her houſe of bondage, worſe than that o
Which God avenged on Pharaoh—the E
Ye horrid towers, the abode of broken he
Ye dungeons and ye cages of deſpair,
That monarchs have ſupplied from age t
With muſic, ſuch as ſuits their ſovereign
The ſighs and groans of miſerable men!
There's not an Engliſh heart, that woul
To hear that ye were fallen at laſt; to kn
That ev'n our enemies, ſo oft employed
In forging chains for us, themſelves wer

r he, who values liberty, confines
s zeal for her predominance within
) narrow bounds; her cauſe engages him
herever pleaded. 'Tis the cauſe of man.
ıere dwell the moſt forlorn of human kind,
ımured though unaccuſed, condemned untried,
uelly ſpared, and hopeleſs of eſcape.
ıere, like the viſionary emblem ſeen
him of Babylon, life ſtands a ſtump,
ıd filletted about with hoops of braſs
ll lives, though all his pleaſant boughs are gone.
count the hour-bell and expect no change;
ıd ever, as the ſullen ſound is heard,
ll to reflect, that though a joyleſs note
him, whoſe moments all have one dull pace,
n thouſand rovers in the world at large
count it muſic; that it ſummons ſome
theatre, or jocund feaſt or ball:
e wearied hireling finds it a releaſe
)m labour; and the lover, who has chid
long delay, feels every welcome ſtroke
on his heart-ſtrings, trembling with delight—
fly for refuge from diſtracting thought
ſuch amuſements, as ingenious woe
ntrives, hard-ſhifting, and without her tools—
read engraven on the mouldy walls,

purveyor to an
And bloated ſpider, till th
Is made familiar, watche
Comes at his call, and fer
To wear out time in numl
The ſtuds, that thick emb
Then downward and then
And then alternate; with a
By dint of change to give hi
Some reliſh; till the ſum, e
In all directions, he begins ag
Oh comfortleſs exiſtence! he
With woes, which who that f
And beg for exile, or the pang
That man ſhould thus encroacl
Abridge him of his juſt and nati
Eradicate him, tear him from hi
Upon the endearments of domeſt
And ſocial, nip his fruitfulneſs an
And doom him for perh

'Tis liberty alone, that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its luſtre and perfume;
And we are weeds without it. All conſtraint,
Except what wiſdom lays on evil men,
Is evil: hurts the faculties, impedes
Their progreſs in the road of ſcience; blinds
The eyeſight of diſcovery; and begets
In thoſe that ſuffer it a ſordid mind
Beſtial, a meagre intellect, unfit
To be the tenant of man's noble form.
Thee therefore ſtill, blame-worthy as thou art,
With all thy loſs of empire, and though ſqueezed
By public exigence till annual food
Fails for the craving hunger of the ſtate,
Thee I account ſtill happy, and the chief
Among the nations, ſeeing thou art free;
My native nook of earth! Thy clime is rude,
Replete with vapours, and diſpoſes much
All hearts to ſadneſs, and none more than mine:
Thine unadulterate manners are leſs ſoft
And plauſible than ſocial life requires,
And thou haſt need of diſcipline and art
To give thee what politer France receives
From nature's bounty—that humane addreſs
And ſweetneſs, without which no pleaſure is
In converſe, either ſtarved by cold reſerve,

...isgraced as thou haſt
To ſeek no ſublunary r
But once enſlaved, farev
Chains no where patien
Where I am free by birtl
Then what were left of r
Of Britiſh natures, wanti
That it belongs to freemer
And ſhock me. I ſhould
Feel all the rigour of thy fi
And, if I muſt bewail the b
For which our Hampdens a
I would at leaſt bewail it unc
Milder, among a people leſs
In ſcenes, which having neve
Would not reproach me with
Do I forbode impoſſible event
And tremble at vain dreams?
But the age of virtuous poli...
And ...

Deſigned by loud declaimers on the part
Of liberty, themſelves the ſlaves of luſt,
Incurs deriſion for his eaſy faith
And lack of knowledge, and with cauſe enough:
For when was public virtue to be found
Where private was not? Can he love the whole
Who loves no part? He be a nation's friend
Who is in truth the friend of no man there?
Can he be ſtrenuous in his country's cauſe,
Who ſlights the charities, for whoſe dear ſake
That country, if at all, muſt be beloved?

'Tis therefore ſober and good men are ſad
For England's glory, ſeeing it wax pale
And ſickly, while her champions wear their hearts
So looſe to private duty, that no brain,
Healthful and undiſturbed by factious fumes,
Can dream them truſty to the general weal.
Such were they not of old, whoſe tempered blades
Diſperſed the ſhackles of uſurped control,
And hewed them link from link; then Albion's ſons
Were ſons indeed; they felt a filial heart
Beat high within them at a mother's wrongs;
And, ſhining each in his domeſtic ſphere,
Shone brighter ſtill, once called to public view.
'Tis therefore many, whoſe ſequeſtered lot

And, feeling ---
That promiſed once more
That all its tempeſt-beate
Stand motionleſs expectat
All has its date below; t
Was regiſtered in heaven
We turn to duſt, and all
Die too: the deep found
Time ploughs them up,
We build with what we
A diſtant age aſks where
And in the duſt, ſifted a
The undiſcoverable ſecr

But there is yet a libe
By poets, and by ſenate
Which monarchs canno
Of earth and hell confe
A liberty, which perfec

And ſealed with the ſame token. It is held
By charter, and that charter ſanctioned ſure
By the unimpeachable and awful oath
And promiſe of a God. His other gifts
All bear the royal ſtamp, that ſpeaks them his,
And are auguſt; but this tranſcends them all.
His other works, the viſible diſplay
Of all-creating energy and might,
Are grand no doubt, and worthy of the word
That, finding an interminable ſpace
Unoccupied, has filled the void ſo well,
And made ſo ſparkling what was dark before.
But theſe are not his glory. Man, 'tis true,
Smit with the beauty of ſo fair a ſcene,
Might well ſuppoſe the artificer divine
Meant it eternal, had he not himſelf
Pronounced it tranſient, glorious as it is,
And ſtill deſigning a more glorious far,
Doomed it as inſufficient for his praiſe.
Theſe therefore are occaſional, and paſs;
Formed for the confutation of the fool,
Whoſe lying heart diſputes againſt a God;
That office ſerved, they muſt be ſwept away.
Not ſo the labours of his love: they ſhine
In other heavens than theſe that we behold,
And fade not. There is paradiſe that fears

Of theſe the firſt in order, an
And confident aſſurance of th
Is liberty. A flight into his
Ere yet mortality's fine thread
A clear eſcape from tyrannizi
And full immunity from pen

Chains are the portion of re
Stripes and a dungeon; and
The triple purpoſe. In that f
Opprobrious reſidence he finds
Propenſe his heart to idols, he
In filly dotage on created thin
Careleſs of their Creator. An
And ſordid gravitation of his
To a vile clod ſo draws him,
Reſiſtleſs from the centre he fl
That he at laſt forgets it. All
Tend downward; his ambitio

In heaven-renouncing exile, he endures—
What does he not? from luſts oppoſed in vain,
And ſelf-reproaching conſcience. He foreſees
The fatal iſſue to his health, fame, peace,
Fortune, and dignity; the loſs of all,
That can ennoble man, and make frail life,
Short as it is, ſupportable. Still worſe,
Far worſe than all the plagues, with which his ſins
Infect his happieſt moments, he forebodes
Ages of hopeleſs miſery. Future death,
And death ſtill future. Not an haſty ſtroke,
Like that which ſends him to the duſty grave;
But unrepealable enduring death.
Scripture is ſtill a trumpet to his fears:
What none can prove a forgery may be true;
What none but bad men wiſh exploded muſt.
That ſcruple checks him. Riot is not loud,
Nor drunk enough to drown it. In the midſt
Of laughter his compunctions are ſincere;
And he abhors the jeſt by which he ſhines.
Remorſe begets reform. His maſter-luſt
Falls firſt before his reſolute rebuke,
And ſeems dethroned and vanquiſhed. Peace enſues,
But ſpurious and ſhort-lived; the puny child
Of ſelf-congratulating pride, begot
On fancied innocence. Again he falls,

...out by ...
Till Nature, unavailing
So oft, and wearied in t
Scoffs at her own perfor
Takes part with appetite,
Perverſely, which of late
With ſhallow ſhifts and o
And tattered in the ſervice
Covering his ſhame from h

" Hath God indeed given
" And ſtored the earth ſo pl
" To gratify the hunger of h
" And doth he reprobate and
" The uſe of his own bounty
" So frail a kind, and then en
" So ſtrict, that leſs than perfe
" Falſehood! which whoſo but
" Diſhonours God, and makes a
" Do they ...

And geſture they propound to our belief?
Nay—conduct hath the loudeſt tongue. The voice
Is but an inſtrument, on which the prieſt
May play what tune he pleaſes. In the deed,
The unequivocal authentic deed,
We find ſound argument, we read the heart."

Such reaſonings (if that name muſt need belong
o excuſes in which reaſon has no part)
rve to compoſe a ſpirit well inclined
o live on terms of amity with vice,
nd ſin without diſturbance. Often urged,
s often as libidinous diſcourſe
haufted, he reſorts to ſolemn themes
theological and grave import)
ey gain at laſt his unreſerved aſſent;
l, hardened his heart's temper in the forge
luſt, and on the anvil of deſpair,
ſlights the ſtrokes of conſcience. Nothing moves,
nothing much, his conſtancy in ill;
in tampering has but ſoftered his diſeaſe;
s deſperate, and he ſleeps the ſleep of death.
ſte now, philoſopher, and ſet him free.
arm the deaf ſerpent wiſely. Make him hear
rectitude and fitneſs, moral truth
ow lovely, and the moral ſenſe how ſure,

And chaſed them up to heaven.
—No marble tells us whither.
No bard embalms and ſanctifies
And hiſtory, ſo warm on meaner
Is cold on this. She execrates u
The tyranny, that doomed them
But gives the glorious ſufferers li

He is the freeman whom the t
And all are ſlaves beſide. There
That helliſh foes, confederate for
Can wind around him, but he c
With as much eaſe as Samſon h
He looks abroad into the varied
Of nature, and though poor perh
With thoſe whoſe manſions glitt
Calls the delightful ſcenery all h
His are the mountains, and the
And the reſplendent rivers. Hi

Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphaſis of intereſt his,
Whoſe eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whoſe heart with praiſe, and whoſe exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love,
That planned, and built, and ſtill upholds, a world
So clothed with beauty for rebellious man?
Yes—ye may fill your garners, ye that reap
The loaded ſoil, and ye may waſte much good
In ſenſeleſs riot; but ye will not find
In feaſt or in the chaſe, in ſong or dance,
A liberty like his, who, unimpeached
Of uſurpation, and to no man's wrong,
Appropriates nature as his Father's work,
And has a richer uſe of your's than you.
He is indeed a freeman. Free by birth
Of no mean city; planned or ere the hills
Were built, the fountains opened, or the ſea
With all his roaring multitude of waves.
His freedom is the ſame in every ſtate;
And no condition of this changeful life,
So manifold in cares, whoſe every day
Brings its own evil with it, makes it leſs:
For he has wings, that neither ſickneſs, pain,
Nor penury, can cripple or confine.
No nook ſo narrow but he ſpreads them there

And that to bind him is a vain att
Whom God delights in, and in wl

Acquaint thyſelf with God, if tl
His works. Admitted once to his
Thou ſhalt perceive that thou waſ
Thine eye ſhall be inſtructed; and
Made pure ſhall reliſh, with divine
'Till then unfelt, what hands divir
Brutes graze the mountain-top, w
And eyes intent upon the ſcanty h
It yields them; or recumbent on i
Ruminate heedleſs of the ſcene ou
Beneath, beyond, and ſtretching fa
From inland regions to the diſtant
Man views it, and admires; but re
With what he views. The landſca
But not its author. Unconcerned

Fair as it is, exiſted ere it was.
Not for its own ſake merely, but for his
Much more, who faſhioned it, he gives it praiſe;
Praiſe that from earth reſulting, as it ought,
To earth's acknowledged ſovereign, finds at once
Its only juſt proprietor in Him.
The ſoul that ſees him, or receives ſublimed
New faculties, or learns at leaſt to employ
More worthily the powers ſhe owned before,
Diſcerns in all things what, with ſtupid gaze
Of ignorance, till then ſhe overlooked,
A ray of heavenly light, gilding all forms
Terreſtrial in the vaſt and the minute;
The unambiguous footſteps of the God,
Who gives its luſtre to an inſect's wing,
And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.
Much converſant with heaven, ſhe often holds
With thoſe fair miniſters of light to man,
That fill the ſkies nightly with ſilent pomp,
Sweet conference. Inquires what ſtrains were they
With which heaven rang, when every ſtar, in haſte
To gratulate the new-created earth,
Sent forth a voice, and all the ſons of God
Shouted for joy.—"Tell me, ye ſhining hoſts,
"That navigate a ſea that knows no ſtorms,
"Beneath a vault unſullied with a cloud,

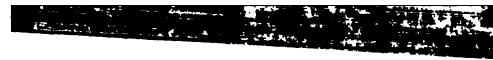
" Have reached this nether world
" Favoured as our's; tranſgreſſion
" And haſting to a grave, yet doo
" And to poſſeſs a brighter heave
" As one, who long detained on f
" Pants to return, and when he ſe
" His country's weather-bleached
" From the green wave emerging,
" Radiant with joy towards the ha
" So I with animated hopes behol
" And many an aching wiſh, your
" That ſhow like beacons in the b
" Ordained to guide the embodied
" From toilſome life to never-endir
" Love kindles as I gaze. I feel d
" That give aſſurance of their own
" And that infuſed from heaven mu

So reads he nature—

With means, that were not till by thee employed,
Worlds, that had never been hadſt thou in ſtrength
Been leſs, or leſs benevolent than ſtrong.
They are thy witneſſes, who ſpeak thy power
And goodneſs infinite, but ſpeak in ears,
That hear not, or receive not their report.
In vain thy creatures teſtify of thee,
Till thou proclaim thyſelf. Their's is indeed
A teaching voice; but 'tis the praiſe of thine,
That whom it teaches it makes prompt to learn,
And with the boon gives talents for its uſe.
Till thou art heard, imaginations vain
Poſſeſs the heart, and fables falſe as hell;
Yet, deemed oracular, lure down to death
The uninformed and heedleſs ſouls of men.
We give to chance, blind chance, ourſelves as blind,
The glory of thy work; which yet appears
Perfect and unimpeachable of blame,
Challenging human ſcrutiny, and proved
Then ſkilful moſt when moſt ſeverely judged.
But chance is not; or is not where thou reigneſt:
Thy providence forbids that fickle power
(If power ſhe be that works but to confound)
To mix her wild vagaries with thy laws.
Yet thus we dote, refuſing while we can
Inſtruction, and inventing to ourſelves

Thee we reject, unable to abide
Thy purity, till pure as thou art pure,
Made ſuch by thee, we love thee for tha
For which we ſhunned and hated thee b
Then we are free. Then liberty, like da
Breaks on the ſoul, and by a flaſh from h
Fires all the faculties with glorious joy.
A voice is heard, that mortal ears hear no
Till thou haſt touched them; 'tis the voi
A loud Hoſanna ſent from all thy works:
Which he that hears it with a ſhout repe
And adds his rapture to the general praiſ
In that bleſt moment Nature, throwing v
Her veil opaque, diſcloſes with a ſmile
The author of her beauties, who, retired
Behind his own creation, works unſeen
By the impure, and hears his power denie
Thou art the ſource, and centre of all min

His ſtrength to ſuffer, and his will to ſerve.
But oh thou bounteous giver of all good,
Thou art of all thy gifts thyſelf the crown!
Give what thou canſt, without thee we are poor;
And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away.



THE TASK.

BOOK VI.

THE TASK.

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Such comprehen[illegible]
That in a few ſhort moments I retrace
(As in a map the voyager his courſe)
The windings of my way through many
Short as in retroſpect the journey ſeems,
It ſeemed not alway ſhort; the rugged p
And proſpect oft ſo dreary and forlorn,
Moved many a ſigh at its diſheartening l
Yet feeling preſent evils, while the paſt
Faintly impreſs the mind, or not at all,
How readily we wiſh time ſpent revoke
That we might try the ground again, v
(Through inexperience, as we now pe
We miſſed that happineſs we might h
Some friend is gone, perhaps his ſon's
A father, whoſe authority, in ſhow
[illegible]moſt ſevere, and muſtering al

ıeltering ſide, and wilfully forewent
converſe, which we now in vain regret.
gladly would the man recall to life
ıoy's neglected fire! a mother too,
ſofter friend, perhaps more gladly ſtill,
t he demand them at the gates of death.
w has, ſince they went, ſubdued and tamed
›layful humour; he could now endure,
ıſelf grown ſober in the vale of tears)
feel a parent's preſence no reſtraint.
ıot to underſtand a treaſure's worth
ime has ſtolen away the ſlighted good,
ıſe of half the poverty we feel,
makes the world the wilderneſs it is.
few that pray at all pray oft amiſs,
ſeeking grace to improve the prize they hold,
ld urge a wiſer ſuit than aſking more.

ıe night was winter in his rougheſt mood;
morning ſharp and clear. But now at noon
ı the ſouthern ſide of the ſlant hills,
where the woods fence off the northern blaſt,
ſeaſon ſmiles, reſigning all its rage,
has the warmth of May. The vault is blue
out a cloud, and white without a ſpeck
dazzling ſplendour of the ſcene below.

... again per
The ſoothing influence of the waftec
And ſettle in ſoft muſings as I tread
The walk, ſtill verdant, under oaks a
Whoſe outſpread branches overarch
The roof, though moveable through
As the wind ſways it, has yet well ſu
And intercepting in their ſilent fall
The frequent flakes, has kept a path f
No noiſe is here, or none that hinders
The redbreaſt warbles ſtill, but is cont
With ſlender notes, and more than hal
Pleaſed with his ſolitude, and flitting li
From ſpray to ſpray, where'er he reſts
From many a twig the pendent drops c
That tinkle in the withered leaves belo
Stillneſs, accompanied with ſounds ſo
Charms more than ſilence. Meditatio
May think down hours to moments.

'iſdom in minds attentive to their own.
nowledge, a rude unprofitable maſs,
he mere materials with which wiſdom builds,
ill ſmoothed and ſquared and fitted to its place,
oes but incumber whom it ſeems to enrich.
nowledge is proud that he has learned ſo much;
Viſdom is humble that he knows no more.
ooks are not ſeldom taliſmans and ſpells,
y which the magic art of ſhrewder wits
olds an unthinking multitude enthralled.
ome to the faſcination of a name
urrender judgment, hood-winked. Some the ſtyle
afatuates, and through labyrinths and wilds
f error leads them by a tune entranced.
While ſloth ſeduces more, too weak to bear
he inſupportable fatigue of thought,
nd ſwallowing therefore without pauſe or choice
he total grift unſifted, huſks and all.
ut trees and rivulets whoſe rapid courſe,
efies the check of winter, haunts of deer,
nd ſheep-walks populous with bleating lambs,
nd lanes, in which the primroſe ere her time
eeps through the moſs, that clothes the hawthorn root,
eceive no ſtudent. Wiſdom there, and truth,
ot ſhy, as in the world, and to be won

What prodigies can power divine
More grand than it produces year by
And all in ſight of inattentive man?
Familiar with the effect we ſlight the
And in the conſtancy of nature's cou
The regular return of genial months,
And renovation of a faded world,
See nought to wonder at. Should Go
As once in Gibeon, interrupt the race
Of the undeviating and punctual ſun,
How would the world admire! but ſpe
An agency divine, to make him know
His moment when to ſink and when to
Age after age, than to arreſt his courſe?
All we behold is miracle; but ſeen
So duly all is miracle in vain.
Where now the vital energy that moved,
While ſummer was, the pure and

let the months go round, a few ſhort months,
all ſhall be reſtored. Theſe naked ſhoots,
en as lances, among which the wind
es wintry muſic, ſighing as it goes,
l put their graceful foliage on again,
more aſpiring, and with ampler ſpread,
l boaſt new charms, and more than they have loſt.
n, each in its peculiar honours clad,
l publiſh even to the diſtant eye
amily and tribe. Laburnum, rich
reaming gold; ſyringa, ivory pure;
ſcentleſs and the ſcented roſe; this red,
of an humbler growth, the * other tall,
throwing up into the darkeſt gloom
eighbouring cypreſs, or more ſable yew,
ſilver globes, light as the foamy ſurf,
t the wind ſevers from the broken wave;
lilac, various in array, now white,
r ſanguine, and her beauteous head now ſet
h purple ſpikes pyramidal, as if
ious of ornament, yet unreſolved
ch hue ſhe moſt approved, ſhe choſe them all;
ous of flowers the woodbine, pale and wan,
well compenſating her ſicky looks
a never-cloying odours, early and late;

* The Guelder-roſe.

k a ſwarm
er ſlender rods,
ezerion too,
ınd thick beſet
ing every ſpray;
he broom,
nalloyed,
ove all
r elegant ſweets,
ınvarniſhed leaf
illumines more
tered ſtars.—
l be in their day;
ed ſcene
load,

ı death to life,
ctures man
he makes
lives and works

And marſhals all the order of the year;
He marks the bounds, which winter may not paſs,
And blunts his pointed fury; in its caſe,
Ruſſet and rude, folds up the tender germ,
Uninjured, with inimitable art;
And, ere one flowery ſeaſon fades and dies,
Deſigns the blooming wonders of the next.

Some ſay that in the origin of things,
When all creation ſtarted into birth,
The infant elements received a law,
From which they ſwerve not ſince. That under force
Of that controlling ordinance they move,
And need not his immediate hand, who firſt
Preſcribed their courſe, to regulate it now.
Thus dream they, and contrive to ſave a God
The incumbrance of his own concerns, and ſpare
The great artificer of all that moves
The ſtreſs of a continual act, the pain
Of unremitted vigilance and care,
As too laborious and ſevere a taſk.
So man, the moth, is not afraid, it ſeems,
To ſpan omnipotence, and meaſure might,
That knows no meaſure, by the ſcanty rule
And ſtandard of his own, that is to-day,
And is not ere to-morrow's ſun go down.

To ceaſeleſs ſervice by a ceaſeleſs fo
And under preſſure of ſome conſcio
The Lord of all, himſelf through all
Suſtains, and is the life of all that li
Nature is but a name for an effect,
Whoſe cauſe is God. He feeds the
By which the mighty proceſs is mai
Who ſleeps not, is not weary; in wi
Slow circling ages are as tranſient da
Whoſe work is without labour; who
No flaw deforms, no difficulty thwa
And whoſe beneficence no charge ex
Him blind antiquity profaned, not fe
With ſelf-taught rites, and under vari
Female and male, Pomona, Pales, Pa
And Flora, and Vertumnus; peopling
With tutelary goddeſſes and gods,
That were not; and commending as

f his unrivalled pencil. He inſpires
eir balmy odours, and imparts their hues,
nd bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,
grains as countleſs as the ſea-ſide ſands,
ne forms, with which he ſprinkles all the earth.
appy who walks with him! whom what he finds
f flavour or of ſcent in fruit or flower,
r what he views of beautiful or grand
nature, from the broad majeſtic oak
o the green blade, that twinkles in the ſun,
ompts with remembrance of a preſent God.
is preſence, who made all ſo fair, perceived
akes all ſtill fairer. As with him no ſcene
dreary, ſo with him all ſeaſons pleaſe.
hough winter had been none, had man been true,
nd earth be puniſhed for its tenant's ſake,
et not in vengeance; as this ſmiling ſky,
o ſoon ſucceeding ſuch an angry night,
nd theſe diſſolving ſnows, and this clear ſtream
ecovering faſt its liquid muſic, prove.

Who then, that has a mind well ſtrung and tuned
o contemplation, and within his reach
ſcene ſo friendly to his favourite taſk,
Would waſte attention at the chequered board,
is hoſt of wooden warriors to and fro

Trembling, as if eternity were hung
In balance on his conduct of a pin?
Nor envies he aught more their idle ſport,
Who pant with application miſapplied
To trivial toys, and, puſhing ivory balls
Acroſs a velvet level, feel a joy
Akin to rapture, when the bauble finds
Its deſtined goal, of difficult acceſs.
Nor deems he wiſer him, who gives his not
To miſs, the mercer's plague, from ſhop to
Wandering, and littering with unfolded ſilk
The poliſhed counter, and approving none,
Or promiſing with ſmiles to call again.
Nor him, who by his vanity ſeduced,
And ſoothed into a dream that he diſcerns
The difference of a Guido from a daub,
Frequents the crowded auction: ſtationed t
As duly as the Langford of the ſhow,
With [illegible] and catalogue in hand

Swears 'tis a bargain, rails at his hard fate
That he has let it paſs—but never bids.

Here unmoleſted, through whatever ſign
The ſun proceeds, I wander. Neither miſt,
Nor freezing ſky nor ſultry, checking me,
Nor ſtranger intermeddling with my joy.
Ev'n in the ſpring and play-time of the year,
That calls the unwonted villager abroad
With all her little ones, a ſportive train,
To gather king-cups in the yellow mead,
And prink their hair with daiſies, or to pick
A cheap but wholeſome ſallad from the brook,
Theſe ſhades are all my own. The timorous hare,
Grown ſo familiar with her frequent gueſt,
Scarce ſhuns me; and the ſtock-dove unalarmed
Sits cooing in the pine-tree, nor ſuſpends
His long love-ditty for my near approach.
Drawn from his refuge in ſome lonely elm,
That age or injury has hollowed deep,
Where, on his bed of wool and matted leaves,
He has outſlept the winter, ventures forth
To friſk awhile, and baſk in the warm ſun,
The ſquirrel, flippant, pert, and full of play:
He ſees me, and at once, ſwift as a bird,
Aſcends the *neighbouring* beech; there whiſks his bruſh,

s aloud,

pleaſed

vn.
glade
t of hea

peed,
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r,
acouth

Where cruel man defeats not her deſign,
Impart to the benevolent, who wiſh
All that are capable of pleaſure pleaſed,
A far ſuperior happineſs to their's,
The comfort of a reaſonable joy.

Man ſcarce had riſen, obedient to his call,
Who formed him from the duſt, his future grave,
When he was crowned as never king was ſince.
God ſet the diadem upon his head,
And angel choirs attended. Wondering ſtood
The new-made monarch, while before him paſſed,
All happy, and all perfect in their kind,
The creatures, ſummoned from their various haunts
To ſee their ſovereign, and confeſs his ſway.
Vaſt was his empire, abſolute his power,
Or bounded only by a law, whoſe force
'Twas his ſublimeſt privilege to feel
And own, the law of univerſal love.
He ruled with meekneſs, they obeyed with joy;
No cruel purpoſe lurked within his heart,
And no diſtruſt of his intent in their's.
So Eden was a ſcene of harmleſs ſport,
Where kindneſs on his part, who ruled the whole,
Begat a tranquil confidence in all,
And fear as yet was not, nor cauſe for fear.

Thy groves and lawns ..
Each animal of every name, conceived
A jealouſy and an inſtinctive fear,
And, conſcious of ſome danger, either fled
Precipitate the loathed abode of man,
Or growled defiance in ſuch angry ſort,
As taught him too to tremble in his turn.
Thus harmony and family accord
Were driven from Paradiſe; and in that hour
The ſeeds of cruelty, that ſince have ſwelled
To ſuch gigantic and enormous growth,
Were ſown in human nature's fruitful ſoil.
Hence date the perſecution and the pain,
That man inflicts on all inferior kinds,
Regardleſs of their plaints. To make him ſpo
To gratify the frenzy of his wrath,
Or his baſe gluttony, are cauſes good
... why bird and beaſt

ot ſatisfied to prey on all around,
dds tenfold bitterneſs to death by pangs
eedleſs, and firſt torments ere he devours.
ow happieſt they, that occupy the ſcenes
he moſt remote from his abhorred reſort,
hom once, as delegate of God on earth,
hey feared, and as his perfect image loved.
he wilderneſs is their's. with all its caves,
s hollow glens, its thickets, and its plains,
nvifited by man. There they are free,
nd howl and roar as likes them, uncontrolled;
or aſk his leave to ſlumber or to play.
o to the tyrant, if he dare intrude
ithin the confines of their wild domain?
he lion tells him—I am monarch here—
nd if he ſpare him, ſpares him on the terms
f royal mercy, and through generous ſcorn
o rend a victim trembling at his foot.
i meaſure, as by force of inſtinct drawn,
r by neceſſity conſtrained, they live
ependent upon man; thoſe in his fields,
heſe at his crib, and ſome beneath his roof.
hey prove too often at how dear a rate
le ſells protection.—Witneſs at his foot
he ſpaniel dying for ſome venial fault
nder diſſection of the knotted ſcourge;

To madneſs; while the ſavage
Laughs at the frantic ſufferer's
Upon the guiltleſs paſſenger o'
He too is witneſs, nobleſt of th
That wait on man, the flight-
With unſuſpecting readineſs h
His murderer on his back, and
With bleeding ſides and flanks
To the far diſtant goal, arrives
So little mercy ſhows who nee
Does law, ſo jealous in the ca
Denounce no doom on the de
He lives, and o'er his brimmi
(As if barbarity were high def
The inglorious feat, and clam
Of the poor brute, ſeems wiſe
The honours of his matchleſs
But many a crime, deemed i
Is recorded in heaven; and

The young, to let the parent bird go free;
Proved he not plainly that his meaner works
Are yet his care, and have an intereſt all,
All, in the univerſal Father's love?
On Noah, and in him on all mankind,
The charter was conferred, by which we hold
The fleſh of animals in fee, and claim
O'er all we feed on power of life and death.
But read the inſtrument, and mark it well:
The oppreſſion of a tyrannous control
Can find no warrant there. Feed then, and yield
Thanks for thy food. Carnivorous, through ſin,
Feed on the ſlain, but ſpare the living brute!

The Governor of all, himſelf to all
So bountiful, in whoſe attentive ear
The unfledged raven and the lion's whelp
Plead not in vain for pity on the pangs
Of hunger unaſſuaged, has interpoſed,
Not ſeldom, his avenging arm, to ſmite
The injurious trampler upon nature's law,
That claims forbearance even for a brute.
He hates the hardneſs of a Balaam's heart;
And, prophet as he was, he might not ſtrike
The blameleſs animal, without rebuke,
On which he rode. Her opportune offence

And makes the taſk his own. Ir
And helpleſs victims with a ſenſe
Of injury, with ſuch knowledge o
And ſuch ſagacity to take revenge
That oft the beaſt has ſeemed to ju
An ancient, not a legendary tale,
By one of ſound intelligence rehea
(If ſuch who plead for Providence
In modern eyes) ſhall make the de

Where England, ſtretched towai
Narrow and long, o'erlooks the we
Dwelt young Miſagathus; a ſcorne
Of God and goodneſs, atheiſt in oft
Vicious in act, in temper ſavage-fie
He journeyed; and his chance wa
To join a traveller, of far different r
Evander, famed for piety, for years

O'er the green ſummit of the rocks, whoſe baſe
Beats back the roaring ſurge, ſcarce heard ſo high.
The charity, that warmed his heart, was moved
At ſight of the man-monſter. With a ſmile
Gentle, and affable, and full of grace,
As fearful of offending whom he wiſhed
Much to perſuade, he plied his ear with truths
Not harſhly thundered forth or rudely preſſed,
But, like his purpoſe, gracious, kind, and ſweet.
"And doſt thou dream," the impenetrable man
Exclaimed, "that me the lullabies of age,
"And fantaſies of dotards ſuch as thou,
"Can cheat, or move a moment's fear in me?
"Mark now the proof I give thee, that the brave
"Need no ſuch aids, as ſuperſtition lends,
"To ſteel their hearts againſt the dread of death."
He ſpoke, and to the precipice at hand
Puſhed with a madman's fury. Fancy ſhrinks,
And the blood thrills and curdles, at the thought
Of ſuch a gulph as he deſigned his grave.
But, though the felon on his back could dare
The dreadful leap, more rational, his ſteed
Declined the death, and wheeling ſwiftly round,
Or e'er his hoof had preſſed the crumbling verge,
Baffled his rider, ſaved againſt his will.
The frenzy of the brain may be redreſſed

His horrible intent, again he ſought
Deſtruction, with a zeal to be deſtro
With ſounding whip, and rowels dy
But ſtill in vain. The Providence, t
A longer date to the far nobler beaſt,
Spared yet again the ignobler for his
And now, his proweſs proved, and hi
Incurable obduracy evinced,
His rage grew cool; and pleaſed perh
So cheaply the renown of that attem
With looks of ſome complacence he r
His road, deriding much the blank an
Of good Evander, ſtill where he was l
Fixt motionleſs, and petrified with dr
So on they fared. Diſcourſe on othe
Enſuing ſeemed to obliterate the paſt;
And tamer far for ſo much fury ſhow
(As is the courſe of raſh and fiery men
The rude companion ſmiled, as if

Is never with impunity defied.
His horſe, as he had caught his maſter's mood,
Snorting, and ſtarting into ſudden rage,
Unbidden, and not now to be controlled,
Ruſhed to the cliff, and having reached it, ſtood.
At once the ſhock unſeated him: he flew
Sheer o'er the craggy barrier; and immerſed
Deep in the flood, found, when he ſought it not,
The death he had deſerved, and died alone.
So God wrought double juſtice; made the fool
The victim of his own tremendous choice,
And taught a brute the way to ſafe revenge.

I would not enter on my liſt of friends
(Though graced with poliſhed manners and fine ſenſe,
Yet wanting ſenſibility) the man,
Who needleſsly ſets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent ſtep may cruſh the ſnail,
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forwarned,
Will tread aſide and let the reptile live.
The creeping vermin, loathſome to the ſight,
And charged perhaps with venom, that intrudes,
A viſitor unwelcome, into ſcenes
Sacred to neatneſs and repoſe, the alcove,
The chamber, or refectory, may die:

Or take their paſtime in the ſpaciou
There they are privileged; and he t
Or harms them there is guilty of a
Diſturbs the economy of nature's re
Who, when ſhe formed, deſigned th
The ſum is this. If man's convenie
Or ſafety, interfere, his rights and cl
Are paramount, and muſt extinguiſh
Elſe they are all—the meaneſt thing
As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the
Who in his ſovereign wiſdom made t
Ye therefore, who love mercy, teach
To love it too. The ſpring-time of o
Is ſoon diſhonoured and defiled in mo
By budding ills, that aſk a prudent ha
To check them. But alas! none ſoon
If unreſtrained, into luxuriant growth,

And conſcious of the outrage he commits,
Shall ſeek it, and not find it, in his turn.

Diſtinguiſhed much by reaſon, and ſtill more
By our capacity of Grace divine,
From creatures, that exiſt but for our ſake,
Which, having ſerved us, periſh, we are held
Accountable; and God ſome future day
Will reckon with us roundly for the abuſe
Of what he deems no mean or trivial truſt.
Superior as we are, they yet depend
Not more on human help than we on their's:
Their ſtrength, or ſpeed, or vigilance, were given
In aid of our defects. In ſome are found
Such teachable and apprehenſive parts,
That man's attainments in his own concerns,
Matched with the expertneſs of the brute's in their's,
Are oft-times vanquiſhed and thrown far behind.
Some ſhow that nice ſagacity of ſmell,
And read with ſuch diſcernment, in the port
And figure of the man, his ſecret aim,
That oft we owe our ſafety to a ſkill
We could not teach, and muſt deſpair to learn.
But learn we might, if not too proud to ſtoop
To quadrupede inſtructors, many a good
And uſeful quality, and virtue too,

by any change of fortune; proof alil
Againſt unkindneſs, abſence, and ne
Fidelity, that neither bribe nor threa
Can move or warp; and gratitude fo
And trivial favours, laſting as the life,
And gliſtening even in the dying eye.

Man praiſes man. Deſert in arts o
Wins public honour; and ten thouſan
Patiently preſent at a ſacred ſong,
Commemoration mad; content to hea
(Oh wonderful effect of muſic's power!
Meſſiah's eulogy for Handel's ſake.
But leſs, methinks, than ſacrilege migh
(For was it leſs, what heathen would ha
To ſtrip Jove's ſtatue of his oaken wreat
And hang it up in honour of a man?)
Much leſs might ſerve, when all that we
Is but to gratify an itching ear.

A talent ſo divine, remember too
That His moſt holy book, from whom it came,
Was never meant, was never uſed before,
To buckram out the memory of a man.
But huſh!—the muſe perhaps is too ſevere;
And with a gravity beyond the ſize
And meaſure of the offence, rebukes a deed
Leſs impious than abſurd, and owing more
To want of judgment than to wrong deſign.
So in the chapel of old Ely Houſe,
When wandering Charles, who meant to be the third,
Had fled from William, and the news was freſh,
The ſimple clerk, but loyal, did announce,
And eke did rear right merrily, two ſtaves,
Sung to the praiſe and glory of King George!
—Man praiſes man; and Garrick's memory next,
When time hath ſomewhat mellowed it, and made
The Idol of our worſhip while he lived
The God of our idolatry once more,
Shall have its altar; and the world ſhall go
In pilgrimage to bow before his ſhrine.
The theatre too ſmall ſhall ſuffocate
Its ſqueezed contents, and more than it admits
Shall ſigh at their excluſion, and return
Ungratified. For there ſome noble lord
Shall ſtuff his ſhoulders with king Richard's bunch,

... Garrick was a worshipper himself;
He drew the liturgy, and framed the ri
And solemn ceremonial of the day,
And called the world to worship on the
Of Avon, famed in song. Ah, pleasant
That piety has still in human hearts
Some place, a spark or two not yet extin
The mulberry-tree was hung with bloo
The mulberry-tree stood centre of the d
The mulberry tree was hymned with de
And from his touchwood trunk the mu
Supplied such relics as devotion holds
Still sacred, and preserves with pious ca
So 'twas an hallowed time: decorum re
And mirth without offence. No few re
Doubtless, much edified, and all refresh
—Man praises man. The rabble all ali
From tippling benches, cellars, stalls, an
Swarm in the streets. The statesman o

While others, not ſo ſatisfied, unhorſe
The gilded equipage, and turning looſe
His fteeds, uſurp a place they well deſerve.
Why? what has charmed them? Hath he ſaved the ſtate?
No. Doth he purpoſe its ſalvation? No.
Enchanting novelty, that moon at full,
That finds out every crevice of the head,
That is not found and perfect, hath in their's
Wrought this diſturbance. But the wane is near,
And his own cattle muſt ſuffice him ſoon.
Thus idly do we waſte the breath of praiſe,
And dedicate a tribute, in its uſe
And juſt direction ſacred, to a thing
Doomed to the duſt, or lodged already there.
Encomium in old time was poet's work;
But poets, having laviſhly long ſince
Exhauſted all materials of the art,
The taſk now falls into the public hand;
And I, contented with an humble theme,
Have poured my ſtream of panegyric down
The vale of nature, where it creeps, and winds
Among her lovely works with a ſecure
And unambitious courſe, reflecting clear,
If not the virtues, yet the worth, of brutes.
And I am recompenſed, and deem the toils
Of poetry not loſt, if verſe of mine

The groans of nature in this nethe
Which Heaven has heard for ages, h:
Foretold by prophets, and by poets ſi
Whoſe fire was kindled at the prophe
The time of reſt, the promiſed ſabbatl
Six thouſand years of ſorrow have wel
Fulfilled their tardy and diſaſtrous cou
Over a ſinful world; and what remai
Of this tempeſtuous ſtate of human thi
Is merely as the working of a ſea
Before a calm, that rocks itſelf to reſt:
For He, whoſe car the winds are, and tl
The duſt, that waits upon his ſultry ma
When ſin hath moved him, and his wr
Shall viſit earth in mercy; ſhall deſcend
Propitious in his chariot paved with lov
And what his ſtorms have blaſted and d
For man's revolt ſhall with a ſmile rena

But when a poet, or when one like me,
Happy to rove among poetic flowers,
Though poor in ſkill to rear them, lights at laſt
On ſome fair theme, ſome theme divinely fair,
Such is the impulſe and the ſpur he feels
To give it praiſe proportioned to its worth,
That not to attempt it, arduous as he deems
The labour, were a taſk more arduous ſtill.

Oh ſcenes ſurpaſſing fable, and yet true,
Scenes of accompliſhed bliſs! which who can ſee,
Though but in diſtant proſpect, and not feel
His ſoul refreſhed with foretaſte of the joy?
Rivers of gladneſs water all the earth,
And clothe all climes with beauty; the reproach
Of barrenneſs is paſt. The fruitful field
Laughs with abundance; and the land, once lean,
Or fertile only in its own diſgrace,
Exults to ſee its thiſtly curſe repealed.
The various ſeaſons woven into one,
And that one ſeaſon an eternal ſpring,
The garden fears no blight, and needs no fence,
For there is none to covet, all are full.
The lion, and the libbard, and the bear
Graze with the fearleſs flocks; all baſk at noon
Together, or all gambol in the ſhade

Lurks in the ſerpent now: the r
And ſmiles to ſee, her infant's p
Stretched forth to dally with th
To ſtroke his azure neck, or to
The lambent homage of his arro
All creatures worſhip man, and a
One Lord, one Father. Error ha
That creeping peſtilence is driven
The breath of heaven has chaſed
No paſſion touches a diſcordant ſt
But all is harmony and love. Diſ
Is not: the pure and uncontamina
Holds its due courſe, nor fears the
One ſong employs all nations; and
" Worthy the Lamb, for he was ſla
The dwellers in the vales and on th
Shout to each other, and the moun
From diſtant mountains catch the
Till nation after nation taught the

k to that light ; the glory of all lands
rs into her ; unbounded is her joy,
endleſs her increaſe. Thy rams are there ;
ebaioth, and the flocks of Kedar there,
looms of Ormus, and the mines of Ind,
Saba's ſpicy groves, pay tribute there.
ſe is in all her gates : upon her walls,
in her ſtreets, and in her ſpacious courts,
ard ſalvation. Eaſtern Java there
els with the native of the fartheſt weſt ;
Æthiopia ſpreads abroad the hand,
worſhips. Her report has travelled forth
all lands. From every clime they come
ee thy beauty and to ſhare thy joy.
on ! an aſſembly ſuch as earth
never, ſuch as Heaven ſtoops down to ſee.

ius heaven-ward all things tend. For all were once
:ſt, and all muſt be at length reſtored.
od has greatly purpoſed ; who would elſe
is diſhonoured works himſelf endure
onour, and be wronged without redreſs.
: then, and wheel away a ſhattered world,

:baioth and Kedar, the ſons of Iſhmael, and progenitors of
abs, in the prophetic ſcripture here alluded to, may be
ibly conſidered as repreſentatives of the Gentiles at large.

uld ſee
ıngers yet)
hate his laws,
arn how fair
ces good,
s him.
ſtiog;
ſweeteſt flowers
e poor heart
fountain is,
taint
ſt impure.
ıfte
which
ıo ſway,
ldering aſide
forcing her
of ſtrife
ays of men:
ıe ſword,
an's wrong,

And equity; not jealous more to guard
A worthleſs form, than to decide aright:
Where faſhion ſhall not ſanctify abuſe,
Nor ſmooth good-breeding (ſupplemental grace)
With lean performance ape the work of love!

Come then, and added to thy many crowns,
Receive yet one, the crown of all the earth,
Thou who alone art worthy! It was thine
By ancient covenant, ere nature's birth;
And thou haſt made it thine by purchaſe ſince,
And overpaid its value with thy blood.
Thy ſaints proclaim thee king; and in their hearts
Thy title is engraven with a pen
Dipt in the fountain of eternal love.
Thy ſaints proclaim thee king; and thy delay
Gives courage to their foes, who, could they ſee
The dawn of thy laſt advent, long-deſired,
Would creep into the bowels of the hills,
And flee for ſafety to the falling rocks.
The very ſpirit of the world is tired
Of its own taunting queſtion, aſked ſo long,
"Where is the promiſe of your Lord's approach?"
The infidel has ſhot his bolts away,
Till his exhauſted quiver yielding none,
He gleans the blunted ſhafts, that have recoiled,

That hides divinity from mortal ey
And all the myſteries to faith prop
Inſulted and traduced, are caſt aſid
As uſeleſs, to the moles and to th
They now are deemed the faithful
Who conſtant only in rejecting th
Deny thy Godhead with a martyr
And quit their office for their err
Blind, and in love with darkneſs
Worthy, compared with ſyeopha
Thy name adoring, and then pre
So fares thy church. But how
The world takes little thought.
And what they will. All paſto
To wandering ſheep, reſolved t
Two gods divide them all—Plea
For theſe they live, they ſacrifi
And in their ſervice wage perp
With conſcience and with thee

Exhibit every lineament of theſe.
Come then, and added to thy many crowns,
Receive yet one, as radiant as the reſt,
Due to thy laſt and moſt effectual work,
Thy word fulfilled, the conqueſt of a world!

He is the happy man, whoſe life e'en now
Shows ſomewhat of that happier life to come;
Who, doomed to an obſcure but tranquil ſtate,
Is pleaſed with it, and, were he free to chooſe,
Would make his fate his choice; whom peace, the fruit
Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
Prepare for happineſs; beſpeak him one
Content indeed to ſojourn while he muſt
Below the ſkies, but having there his home.
The world o'erlooks him in her buſy ſearch
Of objects, more illuſtrious in her view;
And, occupied as earneſtly as ſhe,
Though more ſublimely, he o'erlooks the world.
She ſcorns his pleaſures, for ſhe knows them not;
He ſeeks not her's, for he has proved them vain.
He cannot ſkim the ground like ſummer birds
Purſuing gilded flies; and ſuch he deems
Her honours, her emoluments, her joys.
Therefore in contemplation is his bliſs
Whoſe power is ſuch, that whom ſhe lifts from earth

And cenſured oft as uſeleſs. Stilleft
Oft water faireſt meadows, and the l
That flutters leaſt, is longeſt on the
Aſk him, indeed, what trophies he l
Or what achievements of immortal
He purpoſes, and he ſhall anſwer—
His warfare is within. There unfat
His fervent ſpirit labours. There he
And there obtains freſh triumphs o
And never withering wreaths, com
The laurels that a Cæſar reaps are v
Perhaps the ſelf-approving haughty
That as ſhe ſweeps him with her w
Scarce deigns to notice him, or, if
Deems him a cypher in the works
Receives advantage from his noiſel
Of which ſhe little dreams. Perh
Her ſunſhine and her rain, her bl

Of little worth, an idler in the beſt,
If, author of no miſchief and ſome good,
He ſeek his proper happineſs by means,
That may advance, but cannot hinder, thine.
Nor, though he tread the ſecret path of life,
Engage no notice, and enjoy much eaſe,
Account him an incumbrance on the ſtate,
Receiving benefits, and rendering none.
His ſphere though humble, if that humble ſphere
Shine with his fair example, and though ſmall
His influence, if that influence all be ſpent
In ſoothing ſorrow and in quenching ſtrife,
In aiding helpleſs indigence, in works,
From which at leaſt a grateful few derive
Some taſte of comfort in a world of wo,
Then let the ſupercilious great confeſs
He ſerves his country, recompenſes well
The ſtate, beneath the ſhadow of whoſe vine
He ſits ſecure, and in the ſcale of life
Holds no ignoble, though a ſlighted, place.
The man, whoſe virtues are more felt than ſeen,
Muſt drop indeed the hope of public praiſe;
But he may boaſt what few that win it can,
That if his country ſtand not by his ſkill,
At leaſt his follies have not wrought her fall.
Polite refinement offers him in vain

Becauſe that world adopts it. If it bear
The ſtamp and clear impreſſion of good ſenſe,
And be not coſtly more than of true worth,
He puts it on, and for decorum ſake
Can wear it e'en as gracefully as ſhe.
She judges of refinement by the eye,
He by the teſt of conſcience, and a heart
Not ſoon deceived; aware that what is baſe
No poliſh can make ſterling; and that vice,
Though well perfumed and elegantly dreſſed,
Like an unburied carcaſe tricked with flowers,
Is but a garniſhed nuiſance, fitter far
For cleanly riddance than for fair attire.
So life glides ſmoothly and by ſtealth away,
More golden than that age of fabled gold
Renowned in ancient ſong; not vexed with c
Or ſtained with guilt, beneficent, approved
Of God and man, and peaceful in its end.
So [illegible] life [illegible] and ſo at laſt,

Diſmiſs me weary to a ſafe retreat,
Beneath the turf, that I have often trod.
It ſhall not grieve me then, that once, when called
To dreſs a Sofa with the flowers of verſe,
I played awhile, obedient to the fair,
With that light taſk; but ſoon, to pleaſe her more,
Whom flowers alone I knew would little pleaſe,
Let fall the unfiniſhed wreath, and roved for fruit;
Roved far, and gathered much: ſome harſh, 'tis true,
Picked from the thorns and briars of reproof,
But wholeſome, well-digeſted; grateful ſome
To palates, that can taſte immortal truth;
Inſipid elſe, and ſure to be deſpiſed.
But all is in his hand, whoſe praiſe I ſeek.
In vain the poet ſings, and the world hears,
If he regard not, though divine the theme.
'Tis not in artful meaſures, in the chime
And idle tinkling of a minſtrel's lyre,
To charm his ear, whoſe eye is on the heart;
Whoſe frown can diſappoint the proudeſt ſtrain,
Whoſe approbation—proſper even mine.

AN

EPISTLE

TO

JOSEPH HILL, ESQ.

)EAR JOSEPH—five and twenty years ago—
las how time eſcapes!—'tis even ſo—
'ith frequent intercourſe, and always ſweet,
nd always friendly, we were wont to cheat
tedious hour—and now we never meet!
s ſome grave gentleman in Terence ſays,
'Twas therefore much the ſame in ancient days)
ood lack, we know not what to-morrow brings—
range fluctuation of all human things!
rue. Changes will befall, and friends may part,
ut diſtance only cannot change the heart:

Though nothing have occurred to ki
We find the friends we fancied we h
Though numerous once, reduced to
Can gold grow worthleſs that has ſt
No; gold they ſeemed, but they wer

Horatio's ſervant once, with bow
Swinging the parlour-door upon its h
Dreading a negative, and overawed
Leſt he ſhould treſpaſs, begged to go
Go, fellow! —whither?—turning ſha
Nay. Stay at home—you are alway
'Tis but a ſtep, ſir, juſt at the ſtreet's
For what?—An pleaſe you, ſir, to ſe
A friend: Horatio cried, and ſeemed
Yea marry ſhalt thou, and with all m
And fetch my cloak; for though the
I'll ſee him too—the firſt I ever ſaw.

But ſomewhat at that moment pinched him cloſe,
Elſe he was ſeldom bitter or moroſe.
Perhaps his confidence juſt then betrayed,
His grief might prompt him with the ſpeech he made;
Perhaps 'twas mere good-humour gave it birth,
The harmleſs play of pleaſantry and mirth.
Howe'er it was, his language, in my mind,
Beſpoke at leaſt a man that knew mankind.

But not to moralize too much, and ſtrain
To prove an evil of which all complain,
(I hate long arguments verboſely ſpun)
One ſtory more, dear Hill, and I have done.
Once on a time an emperor, a wiſe man,
No matter where, in China or Japan,
Decreed that whoſoever ſhould offend
Againſt the well-known duties of a friend,
Convicted once ſhould ever after wear
But half a coat, and ſhow his boſom bare.
The puniſhment importing this, no doubt,
That all was naught within, and all found out.
Oh happy Britain! we have not to fear
Such hard and arbitrary meaſure here;
Elſe, could a law, like that which I relate,
Once have the ſanction of our triple ſtate,

An honeſt man, cloſe-buttoned to the
Broad-cloth without, and a warm hea

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TIROCINI

OR,

A REVIEW OF SC

Κεφαλαιον δη παιδειας ορθη τροφ

Αρχη πολιτειας απασης νεων τρ
DIOG.

TIROCINIUM.

It is not from his form, in which we trace
Strength joined with beauty, dignity with grace,
That man, the maſter of this globe, derives
His right of empire over all that lives.
That form indeed, the aſſociate of a mind
Vaſt in its powers, ethereal in its kind,
That form, the labour of almighty ſkill,
Framed for the ſervice of a free-born will,
Aſſerts precedence, and beſpeaks control,
But borrows all its grandeur from the ſoul.
Hers is the ſtate, the ſplendour, and the throne
An intellectual kingdom, all her own.
For her the memory fills her ample page
With truths poured down from every diſtant age;

Laborious, yet unconſcic
When copiouſly ſupplied
Still to be fed, and not to
For her the fancy, roving
The preſent muſe of every
Works magic wonders, add
To nature's ſcenes than natu
At her command winds riſe
Again ſhe lays them ſlumber
With flower and fruit the wil
Or bids the rocks in ruder por
For her the judgment, umpire
That grace and nature have to
Quick-ſighted arbiter of good
Appointed ſage preceptor to th
Condemns, approves, and with
Guides the deciſion of a doubt

Why did

Whom ocean feels through all his countleſs waves,
And owns her power on every ſhore he laves?
Why do the ſeaſons ſtill enrich the year,
Fruitful and young as in their firſt career?
Spring hangs her infant bloſſoms on the trees,
Rocked in the cradle of the weſtern breeze;
Summer in haſte the thriving charge receives
Beneath the ſhade of her expanded leaves,
Till autumn's fiercer heats and plenteous dews
Dye them at laſt in all their glowing hues.—
'Twere wild profuſion all, and bootleſs waſte,
Power miſemployed, munificence miſplaced,
Had not its author dignified the plan,
And crowned it with the majeſty of man.
Thus formed, thus placed, intelligent, and taught,
Look where he will, the wonders God has wrought,
The wildeſt ſcorner of his Maker's laws
Finds in a ſober moment time to pauſe,
To preſs the important queſtion on his heart,
"Why formed at all, and wherefore as thou art?"
If man be what he ſeems, this hour a ſlave,
The next mere duſt and aſhes in the grave;
Endued with reaſon only to deſcry
His crimes and follies with an aching eye;
With paſſions, juſt that he may prove, with pain,
The force he ſpends againſt their fury vain;

...g end where death diffc
The tomb take all, and all be b
Then he, of all that nature has
Stands self-impeached the creatu
And uſeleſs while he lives, and v
Brings into doubt the wiſdom of

Truths, that the learned purſue
Are not important always as dear
Proving at laſt, though told in por
A childiſh waſte of philoſophic pai
But truths, on which depends our
That 'tis our ſhame and miſery not
Shine by the ſide of every path we
With ſuch a luſtre, he that runs ma
'Tis true that, if to trifle life away
Down to the ſun-ſet of their lateſt d
Then periſh on futurity's wide ſhore
Like fleet'ng exhalations, ſound

But reaſon heard, and nature well peruſed,
At once the dreaming mind is diſabuſed.
If all we find poſſeſſing earth, ſea, air,
Reflect his attributes, who placed them there,
Fulfil the purpoſe, and appear deſigned
Proofs of the wiſdom of the all-ſeeing mind,
'Tis plain the creature, whom he choſe to inveſt
With kingſhip and dominion o'er the reſt,
Received his nobler nature, and was made
Fit for the power, in which he ſtands arrayed,
That firſt or laſt, hereafter if not here,
He too might make his author's wiſdom clear,
Praiſe him on earth, or obſtinately dumb
Suffer his juſtice in a world to come.
This once believed, 'twere logic miſapplied
To prove a conſequence by none denied,
That we are bound to caſt the minds of youth
Betimes into the mould of heavenly truth,
That taught of God they may indeed be wiſe,
Nor ignorantly wandering miſs the ſkies.

In early days the conſcience has in moſt
A quickneſs, which in later life is loſt:
Preſerved from guilt by ſalutary fears,
Or guilty ſoon relenting into tears.
Too careleſs often, as our years proceed,
What friends we ſort with, or what books we read,

...ly ſtore the nurſ
With wholeſome learning
Neatly ſecured from being
Beneath a pane of thin tra
A book (to pleaſe us at a te
'Tis called a book, though b
Preſents the prayer the Savio
Which children uſe, and parl
Liſping our ſyllables, we ſcra
Through moral narrative, or fa
And learn with wonder how th
Who made, who marred, and w
Points, which unleſs the ſcriptu
The wiſeſt heads might agitate i
O thou, whom, borne on fancy's
Back to the ſeaſon of life's happy
I pleaſed remember, and while me
Holds faſt her office here, can ne'e
Ingenious dreamer, in whoſe
Sweet

I name thee not, leſt ſo deſpiſed a name
Should move a ſneer at thy deſerved fame;
Yet ev'n in tranſitory life's late day,
That mingles all my brown with ſober gray,
Revere the man, whoſe PILGRIM marks the road,
And guides the PROGRESS of the ſoul to God.
'Twere well with moſt, if books, that could engage
Their childhood, pleaſed them at a riper age;
The man, approving what had charmed the boy,
Would die at laſt in comfort, peace and joy;
And not with curſes on his heart, who ſtole
The gem of truth from his unguarded ſoul.
The ſtamp of artleſs piety impreſſed
By kind tuition on his yielding breaſt,
The youth now bearded, and yet pert and raw,
Regards with ſcorn, though once received with awe;
And, warped into the labyrinth of lies,
That babblers, called philoſophers, deviſe,
Blaſphemes his creed, as founded on a plan
Replete with dreams, unworthy of a man.
Touch but his nature in its ailing part,
Aſſert the native evil of his heart,
His pride reſents the charge, although the proof*
Riſe in his forehead, and ſeem rank enough:

* See 2 Chron. ch. xxvi. ver. 19.

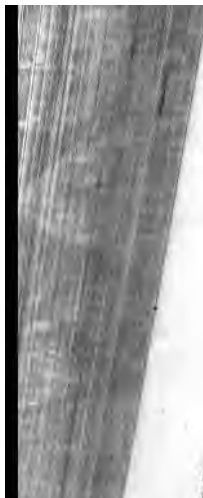
- ...s apoſtate ſickens at th
And hates it with the malice of a

How weak the barrier of mere
Oppoſed againſt the pleaſures nat
While ſelf-betrayed, and wilfully
She longs to yield, no ſooner woo
Try now the merits of this bleſt ex
Of modeſt truth for wit's eccentric
'Time was, he cloſed as he began t
With decent duty, not aſhamed to
The practice was a bond upon his h
A pledge he gave for a conſiſtent pa
Nor could he dare preſumptuouſly d
A power, confeſſed ſo lately on his k
But now farewell all legendary tales,
The ſhadows fly, philoſophy prevails
Prayer to the winds, and caution to th
Religion makes the free by nature ...

And, common-ſenſe diffuſing real day,
The meteor of the goſpel dies away.
Such rhapſodies our ſhrewd diſcerning youth
Learn from expert inquirers after truth;
Whoſe only care, might truth preſume to ſpeak,
Is not to find what they profeſs to ſeek.
And thus, well-tutored only while we ſhare
A mother's lectures and a nurſe's care;
And taught at ſchools much mythologic ſtuff *,
But found religion ſparingly enough;
Our early notices of truth, diſgraced,
Soon loſe their credit, and are all effaced.

Would you your ſon ſhould be a ſot or dunce,
Laſcivious, headſtrong, or all theſe at once;
That in good time the ſtripling's finiſhed taſte
For looſe expenſe, and faſhionable waſte,
Should prove your ruin, and his own at laſt;
Train him in public with a mob of boys,
Childiſh in miſchief only and in noiſe,

* The author begs leave to explain.—Senſible that, without ſuch knowledge, neither the ancient poets nor hiſtorians can be taſted, or indeed underſtood, he does not mean to cenſure the pains, that are taken to inſtruct a ſchool-boy in the religion of the heathen, but merely that neglect of Chriſtian culture, which leaves him ſhamefully ignorant of his own.



...ne learn, er
That authors are moſt u
That pedantry is all that
But taverns teach the kn
There waiter Dick, with
Shall win his heart, and
His counſellor and boſom-
And ſome ſtreet-pacing ha
Schools, unleſs diſcipline w
Detain their adoleſcent cha
The management of tiros of
Is difficult, their puniſhmen
The ſtout tall captain, whoſe
The minor heroes view with
Becomes their pattern, upon
Their whole attention, and ap
His pride, that ſcorns to obey
With them is courage; his effr
His wild excurſions, window-br
Robbery of gard...

Thus, half-accompliſhed ere he yet begin
To ſhow the peeping down upon his chin;
And, as maturity of years comes on,
Made juſt the adept that you deſigned your ſon;
To enſure the perſeverance of his courſe,
And give your monſtrous project all its force,
Send him to college. If he there be tamed,
Or in one article of vice reclaimed,
Where no regard of ordinances is ſhown
Or looked for now, the fault muſt be his own.
Some ſneaking virtue lurks in him, no doubt,
Where neither ſtrumpets' charms, nor drinking-bout,
Nor gambling practices, can find it out.
Such youths of ſpirit, and that ſpirit too,
Ye nurſeries of our boys, we owe to you:
Though from ourſelves the miſchief more proceeds,
For public ſchools 'tis public folly feeds.
The ſlaves of cuſtom and eſtabliſhed mode,
With pack-horſe conſtancy we keep the road,
Crooked or ſtraight, through quags or thorny dells,
True to the jingling of our leaders bells.
To follow fooliſh precedents, and wink
With both our eyes, is eaſier than to think:
And ſuch an age as our's baulks no expenſe,
Except of caution and of common-ſenſe;

O'erwatch the numerous and unru
Or, if I blame, 'tis only that they d
Promiſe a work, of which they mu
Have ye, ye ſage intendants of the
An ubiquarian preſence and contro
Eliſha's eye, that when Gehazi ſtra
Went with him, and ſaw all the gar
Yes—ye are confcious; and on all t
Your pupils ſtrike upon, have ſtruck
Or if by nature ſober, ye had then,
Boys as ye were, the gravity of men
Ye knew at leaſt, by conſtant proofs
To ears and eyes, the vices of the ref
But ye connive at what ye cannot cu
And evils, not to be endured, endure,
Left power exerted, but without ſucce
Should make the little ye retain ſtill l
Ye once were juſtly famed for bringing

Peace to them all! thoſe brilliant times are fled,
And no ſuch lights are kindling in their ſtead.
Our ſtriplings ſhine indeed, but with ſuch rays,
As ſet the midnight riot in a blaze;
And ſeem, if judged by their expreſſive looks,
Deeper in none than in their ſurgeons' books.

Say muſe, (for education made the ſong,
No muſe can heſitate or linger long)
What cauſes move us, knowing as we muſt,
That theſe *Menageries* all fail their truſt,
To ſend our ſons to ſcout and ſcamper there,
While colts and puppies coſt us ſo much care?

Be it a weakneſs, it deſerves ſome praiſe,
We love the play-place of our early days;
The ſcene is touching, and the heart is ſtone,
That feels not at that ſight, and feels at none.
The wall on which we tried our graving ſkill,
The very name we carved ſubſifting ſtill;
The bench on which we ſat while deep employed,
Though mangled, hacked, and hewed, not yet deſtroyed:
The little ones, unbuttoned, glowing hot,
Playing our games, and on the very ſpot;
As happy as we once, to kneel and draw
The chalky ring, and knuckle down at taw;

Such recollection of our own delig
That viewing it, we ſeem almoſt t
Our innocent ſweet ſimple years a
This fond attachment to the well-
Whence firſt we ſtarted into life's l
Maintains its hold with ſuch unfai
We feel it ev'n in age, and at our l
Hark! how the fire of chits, whoſ
Of claſſic food begins to be his care
With his own likeneſs placed on eit
Indulges all a father's heart-felt glee
And tells them, as he ſtrokes their f
That they muſt ſoon learn Latin, a
Then turning he regales his liſtenin
With all the adventures of his early
His ſkill in coachmanſhip, or in driv
In bilking tavern bills, and ſpouting
What ſhifts he uſed, detected in a ſc

He gives the local bias all its ſway;
Reſolves that where he played his ſons ſhall play,
And deſtines their bright genius to be ſhown
Juſt in the ſcene, where he diſplayed his own.
The meek and baſhful boy will ſoon be taught
To be as bold and forward as he ought;
The rude will ſcuffle through with eaſe enough,
Great ſchools ſuit beſt the ſturdy and the rough.
Ah happy deſignation, prudent choice,
The event is ſure; expect it; and rejoice!
Soon ſee your wiſh fulfilled in either child,
The pert made perter, and the tame made wild.

The great indeed, by titles, riches, birth,
Excuſed the incumbrance of more ſolid worth,
Are beſt diſpoſed of where with moſt ſucceſs
They may acquire that confident addreſs,
Thoſe habits of profuſe and lewd expenſe,
That ſcorn of all delights but thoſe of ſenſe,
Which, though in plain plebeians we condemn,
With ſo much reaſon all expect from them.
But families of leſs illuſtrious fame,
Whoſe chief diſtinction is their ſpotleſs name,
Whoſe heirs, their honours none, their income ſmall,
Muſt ſhine by true deſert, or not at all,

...ncy dream of little Charle
With wig prolix, down flow
They ſee the attentive crow
They hear him ſpeak—the o
The father, who deſigns his b
Dreams him epiſcopally ſuch
And, while the playful jockey
Briſkly, aſtride upon the parlou
In fancy ſees him more ſuperbl
In coach with purple lined and
Events improbable and ſtrange a
Which only a parental eye foreſe
A public ſchool ſhall bring to pa
But how? reſides ſuch virtue in t
As muſt create an appetite for pra
And will it breathe into him all th
That candidates for ſuch a prize ſh
To take the lead and be the foremo
In all true worth and h

'The exalted prize demands an upward look,
'Not to be found by pouring on a book.
'Small ſkill in Latin, and ſtill leſs in Greek,
'Is more than adequate to all I ſeek.
'Let erudition grace him or not grace,
'I give the bauble but the ſecond place;
'His wealth, fame, honours, all that I intend,
'Subſiſt and centre in one point—a friend.
A friend, whate'er he ſtudies or neglects,
Shall give him conſequence, heal all defects.
'His intercourſe with peers and ſons of peers—
'There dawns the ſplendour of his future years:
'In that bright quarter his propitious ſkies
'Shall bluſh betimes, and there his glory riſe.
'*Your Lordship*, and *Your Grace!* what ſchool can teach
'A rhetoric equal to thoſe parts of ſpeech?
'What need of Homer's verſe or Tully's proſe,
'Sweet interjections! if he learn but thoſe?
'Let reverend churls his ignorance rebuke,
'Who ſtarve upon a dog's-eared Pentateuch,
'The parſon knows enough, who knows a duke."

egregious purpoſe! worthily begun
a barbarous proſtitution of your ſon;
reſſed on *his* part by means, that would diſgrace
a ſcrivener's clerk or footman out of place,

...t may ſucceed ; and,
For more than commo
The wretch ſhall riſe, a
Leaſt qualified in honou
To occupy a ſacred, awf
In which the beſt and w
The *royal letters* are a th
A king, that would, migl
And deans, no doubt, an
As bound in duty, would
Behold your biſhop! well
Chriſtian in name, and int
Ghoſtly in office, earthly i
A ſlave at court, elſewhere
Dumb as a ſenator, and a
A piece of mere church-fu
To live eſtranged from Go
And his end ſure, without
But fair although and ſ...

And therefore 'tis, that, though the ſight be rare,
We ſometimes ſee a Lowth or Bagot there.
Beſides, ſchool-friendſhips are not always found,
Though fair in promiſe, permanent and ſound;
The moſt diſintereſted and virtuous minds,
In early years connected, time unbinds;
New ſituations give a different caſt
Of habit, inclination, temper, taſte;
And he, that ſeemed our counterpart at firſt,
Soon ſhows the ſtrong ſimilitude reverſed.
Young heads are giddy, and young hearts are warm,
And make miſtakes for manhood to reform.
Parts are at beſt but pretty buds unblown,
Whoſe ſcent and hues are rather gueſſed than known;
Each dreams that each is juſt what he appears,
But learns his error in maturer years,
When diſpoſition, like a ſail unfurled,
Shows all its rents and patches to the world.
If, therefore, ev'n when honeſt in deſign,
A boyiſh friendſhip may ſo ſoon decline,
'Twere wiſer ſure to inſpire a little heart
With juſt abhorrence of ſo mean a part,
Than ſet your ſon to work at a vile trade
For wages ſo unlikely to be paid.

Our public hives of puerile reſort,
That are of chief and moſt approved report,

A principle, ...
Unqueſtioned, though the jewel be
That with a world, not often over-
Ranks as a virtue, and is yet a vice
Or rather a groſs compound, juſtly
Of envy, hatred, jealouſy, and pric
Contributes moſt perhaps to enhan
And emulation is its ſpecious nam
Boys, once on fire with that conte
Feel all the rage that female rivals
The prize of beauty in a woman's
Not brighter than in their's the ſc
The ſpirit of that competition bu
With all varieties of ill by turns:
Each vainly magnifies his own fi
Reſents his fellow's, wiſhes it w
Exults in his miſcarriage if he fi
Deems his reward too great if h
And labours to ſurpaſs him day
... than to t

But judge, where ſo much evil intervenes,
The end, though plauſible, not worth the means.
Weigh, for a moment, claſſical deſert
Againſt an heart depraved and temper hurt;
Hurt too perhaps for life; for early wrong
Done to the nobler part, affects it long;
And you are ſtaunch indeed in learning's cauſe,
If you can crown a diſcipline, that draws
Such miſchiefs after it, with much applauſe.

Connexion formed for intereſt, and endeared
By ſelfiſh views, thus cenſured and caſhiered;
And emulation, as engendering hate,
Doomed to a no leſs ignominious fate;
The props of ſuch proud ſeminaries fall,
The Jachin and the Boaz of them all.
Great ſchools rejected then, as thoſe that ſwell
Beyond a ſize that can be managed well,
Shall royal inſtitutions miſs the bays,
And ſmall academies win all the praiſe?
Force not my drift beyond its juſt intent,
I praiſe a ſchool as Pope a government;
So take my judgment in his language dreſſed,
"Whate'er is beſt adminiſtered is beſt."
Few boys are born with talents that excel,
But all are capable of living well;

But, Watch they ſtrictly, ...
If anxious only that their boys ſ
While *morals* languiſh, a deſpite
The great and ſmall deſerve one
Different in ſize, but in effect th
Much zeal in virtue's cauſe all t
Though motives of mere lucre f
Therefore in towns and cities th
For there the game they ſeek is
Though there, in ſpite of all th
Traps to catch youth are moſt
If ſhrewd, and of a well-contr
Keen in purſuit, and vigorous
Your ſon come forth a prodigy
As, whereſoever taught, ſo ſo
The pedagogue, with ſelf-con
Claims more than half the pr
But if, with all his genius, h
Not more intelligent than lo

Oh 'tis a ſight to be with joy peruſed,
By all whom ſentiment has not abuſed;
New-fangled ſentiment, the boaſted grace
Of thoſe, who never feel in the right place;
A ſight ſurpaſſed by none that we can ſhow,
'Though Veſtris on one leg ſtill ſhine below;
A father bleſt with an ingenuous ſon,
Father, and friend, and tutor, all in one.
How!—turn again to tales long ſince forgot,
Æſop, and Phædrus, and the reſt?—Why not?
He will not bluſh that has a father's heart,
To take in childiſh plays a childiſh part;
But bends his ſturdy back to any toy,
That youth takes pleaſure in, to pleaſe his boy:
Then why reſign into a ſtranger's hand
A taſk as much within your own command,
That God and nature, and your intereſt too,
Seem with one voice to delegate to you?
Why hire a lodging in a houſe unknown
For one, whoſe tendereſt thoughts all hover round your own?
This ſecond weaning, needleſs as it is,
How does it lacerate both your heart and his!
The indented ſtick, that loſes day by day
Notch after notch, till all are ſmoothed away,
Bears witneſs, long ere his diſmiſſion come,
With what intenſe deſire he wants his home.

—, still natural, as the
A diſappointment waits him even there
Arrived, he feels an unexpected change
He bluſhes, hangs his head, is ſhy and
No longer takes, as once, with fearleſs e
His favourite ſtand between his father's
But ſeeks the corner of ſome diſtant ſeat,
And eyes the door, and watches a retreat
And, leaſt familiar where he ſhould be m
Feels all his happieſt privileges loſt.
Alas, poor boy!—the natural effect
Of love by abſence chilled into reſpect.
Say, what accompliſhments, at ſchool acc
Brings he, to ſweeten fruits ſo undeſired?
Thou well deſerveſt an alienated ſon,
Unleſs thy conſcious heart acknowledge—
None that, in thy domeſtic ſnug receſs,
He had not made his own with more addr
Though ſome perhaps that ſhock thy feelin

Which, oft neglected, in life's waning years
A parent pours into regardleſs ears.

Like caterpillars, dangling under trees
By ſlender threads, and ſwinging in the breeze,
Which filthily bewray and ſore diſgrace
The boughs, in which are bred the unſeemly race;
While every worm induſtriouſly weaves
And winds his web about the rivelled leaves;
So numerous are the follies, that annoy
The mind and heart of every ſprightly boy;
Imaginations noxious and perverſe,
Which admonition can alone diſperſe.
The encroaching nuiſance aſks a faithful hand,
Patient, affectionate, of high command,
To check the procreation of a breed
Sure to exhauſt the plant, on which they feed.
'Tis not enough that Greek or Roman page,
At ſtated hours, his freakiſh thoughts engage;
Ev'n in his paſtimes he requires a friend
To warn, and teach him ſafely to unbend,
O'er all his pleaſures gently to preſide,
Watch his emotions, and control their tide;
And levying thus, and with an eaſy ſway,
A tax of profit from his very play,

T[illegible] unimproved thoſe many momen
A[illegible] well content his ſon ſhould
N[illegible]ment to feed his growing r
F[illegible]ted verbs and nouns decli
P[illegible]he mental food purvey
E[illegible]ties in the ſchooling tr
V[illegible]pil's intellect with ſtore
C[illegible], truly, but with little more;
[illegible] their cares when they diſmiſs t
[illegible]nes themſelves, and governed by
[illegible]naps a father, bleſt with any brains,
[illegible]ould deem it no abuſe, or waſte of pa
T[illegible]ove this diet, at no great expenſ
With ſavory truth and wholeſome comi
To lead his ſon, for proſpects of delight
To ſome not ſteep, though philoſophic,
Thence to exhibit to his wondering eye
Yon circling worlds, their diſtance, and

As, hid from ages paſt, God now diſplays
To combat atheiſts with in modern days;
To ſpread the earth before him, and commend,
With deſignation of the finger's end,
Its various parts to his attentive note,
Thus bringing home to him the moſt remote;
To teach his heart to glow with generous flame,
Caught from the deeds of men of ancient fame:
And, more than all, with commendation due
To ſet ſome living worthy in his view,
Whoſe fair example may at once inſpire
A wiſh to copy what he muſt admire.
Such knowledge gained betimes, and which appears,
Though ſolid, not too weighty for his years,
Sweet in itſelf, and not forbidding ſport,
When health demands it, of athletic ſort,
Would make him—what ſome lovely boys have been,
And more than one perhaps that I have ſeen—
An evidence and reprehenſion both
Of the mere ſchool-boy's lean and tardy growth.

Art thou a man profeſſionally tied,
With all thy faculties elſewhere applied,
Too buſy to intend a meaner care
Than how to enrich thyſelf, and next thine heir;

Behold that figure, ...
His ſprightly mingled with a ſhade of ſad;
Not of a nimble tongue, though now and then
Heard to articulate like other men;
No jeſter, and yet lively in diſcourſe,
His phraſe well choſen, clear and full of force;
And his addreſs, if not quite French in eaſe,
Not Engliſh ſtiff, but frank, and formed to pleaſe;
Low in the world, becauſe he ſcorns its arts;
A man of letters, manners, morals, parts;
Unpatronized, and therefore little known;
Wiſe for himſelf and his few friends alone—
In him thy well-appointed proxy ſee,
Armed for a work too difficult for thee;
Prepared by taſte, by learning, and true worth,
To form thy ſon, to ſtrike his genius forth?
Beneath thy roof, beneath thine eye, to prove
The force of diſcipline when backed by love;
To double all thy pleaſure in thy child,
... unſullied ...

There, in his commerce with the liveried herd,
Lurks the contagion chiefly to be feared;
For ſince (ſo faſhion dictates) all, who claim
An higher than a mere plebeian fame,
Find it expedient, come what miſchief may,
To entertain a thief or two in pay,
(And they that can afford the expenſe of more,
Some half a dozen, and ſome half a ſcore)
Great cauſe occurs to ſave him from a band
So ſure to ſpoil him, and ſo near at hand;
A point ſecured, if once he be ſupplied
With ſome ſuch Mentor always at his ſide.
Are ſuch men rare? perhaps they would abound
Were occupation eaſier to be found,
Were education, elſe ſo ſure to fail,
Conducted on a manageable ſcale,
And ſchools that have out-lived all juſt eſteem,
Exchanged for the ſecure domeſtic ſcheme.—
But, having found him, be thou duke or earl,
Show thou haſt ſenſe enough to prize the pearl,
And, as thou wouldſt the advancement of thine heir
In all good faculties beneath his care,
Reſpect, as is but rational and juſt,
A man deemed worthy of ſo dear a truſt.
Deſpiſed by thee, what more can he expect
From youthful folly than the ſame neglect?

... his timid rebukes offe
And all the inſtructions of thy ſon's l
Are a ſtream choaked, or trickling to
Doom him not then to ſolitary meals
But recollect that he has ſenſe, and fe
And that, poſſeſſor of a ſoul refined,
An upright heart, and cultivated mind
His poſt not mean, his talents not un
He deems it hard to vegetate alone.
And, if admitted at thy board he ſit,
Account him no juſt mark for idle wit
Offend not him, whom modeſty reſtra
From repartee, with jokes that he diſli
Much leſs transfix his feelings with an
Nor frown, unleſs he vaniſh with the
And, truſt me, his utility may reach
To more than he is hired or bound to
Much traſh unuttered, and ſome ills un
Through reverence of the cenſor of thy

Becauſe forſooth thy courage has been tried
And ſtood the teſt, perhaps on the wrong ſide;
Though thou hadſt never grace enough to prove
That any thing but vice could win thy love;—
Or haſt thou a polite, card-playing wife,
Chained to the routs that ſhe frequents for life;
Who, juſt when induſtry begins to ſnore,
Flies, winged with joy, to ſome coach-crowded door;
And thrice in every winter throngs thine own
With half the chariots and ſedans in town,
Thyſelf meanwhile e'en ſhifting as thou mayeſt;
Not very ſober though, nor very chaſte;—
Or is thine houſe, though leſs ſuperb thy rank,
If not a ſcene of pleaſure, a mere blank,
And thou at beſt, and in thy ſobereſt mood,
A trifler vain, and empty of all good;
Though mercy for thyſelf thou canſt have none,
Hear nature plead, ſhow mercy to thy ſon.
Saved from his home, where every day brings forth
Some miſchief fatal to his future worth,
Find him a better in a diſtant ſpot,
Within ſome pious paſtor's humble cot,
Where vile example (your's I chiefly mean,
The moſt ſeducing and the oftenſt ſeen)
May never more be ſtamped upon his breaſt,
Not yet perhaps incurably impreſſed.

Or, if it enter, ſoon ſtarved out again:
Where all the attention of his faithful hoſt,
Diſcreetly limited to two at moſt,
May raiſe ſuch fruits as ſhall reward his ca
And not at laſt evaporate in air:
Where, ſtillneſs aiding ſtudy, and his mind
Serene, and to his duties much inclined,
Not occupied in day-dreams, as at home,
Of pleaſures paſt, or follies yet to come,
His virtuous toil may terminate at laſt
In ſettled habit and decided taſte.—
But whom do I adviſe? the faſhion-led,
The incorrigibly wrong, the deaf, the dead,
Whom care and cool deliberation ſuit
Not better much than ſpectacles a brute;
Who, if their ſons ſome ſlight tuition ſhare,
Deem it of no great moment whoſe, or whe
Too proud to adopt the thoughts of one unl
And much too gay to have any of their ow

Commits her eggs, incautious, to the duſt,
Forgetful that the foot may cruſh the truſt;
And, while on public nurſeries they rely,
Not knowing, and too oft not caring, why,
Irrational in what they thus prefer,
No few, that would ſeem wiſe, reſemble her.
But all are not alike. Thy warning voice
May here and there prevent erroneous choice;
And ſome perhaps, who, buſy as they are,
Yet make their progeny their deareſt care,
(Whoſe hearts will ache, once told what ills may reach
Their offspring, left upon ſo wild a beach)
Will need no ſtreſs of argument to enforce
The expedience of a leſs adventurous courſe:
The reſt will ſlight thy counſel, or condemn;
But *they* have human feelings—turn to *them*.

To you then, tenants of life's middle ſtate,
Securely placed between the ſmall and great,
Whoſe character, yet undebauched, retains
Two thirds of all the virtue that remains,
Who, wiſe yourſelves, deſire your ſon ſhould learn
Your wiſdom and your ways—to you I turn.
Look round you on a world perverſely blind;
See what contempt is fallen on human kind,

Their noble qualities all quenched an
See Bedlam's cloſetted and hand-cuf
Surpaſſed in frenzy by the mad at la
See great commanders making war a
Great lawyers, lawyers without ſtudy
Churchmen, in whoſe eſteem their b
Is odious, and their wages all their jo
Who, far enough from furniſhing the
With goſpel lore, turn infidels themſe
See womanhood deſpiſed, and manho
With infamy too nauſeous to be nam
Fops at all corners, lady-like in mien,
Civetted fellows, ſmelt ere they are ſe
Elſe coarſe and rude in manners, and
On fire with curſes, and with nonſenſ
Now flu[illegible]hed with drunk'neſs, now wit
Their breath a ſample of laſt night's r
See volunteers in all the vileſt arts,

Such rare exceptions, ſhining in the dark,
Prove, rather than impeach, the juſt remark:
As here and there a twinkling ſtar deſcried
Serves but to ſhow how black is all beſide.
Now look on him, whoſe very voice in tone
Juſt echoes thine, whoſe features are thine own,
And ſtroke his poliſhed cheek of pureſt red,
And lay thine hand upon his flaxen head,
And ſay, My boy, the unwelcome hour is come,
When thou, tranſplanted from thy genial home,
Muſt find a colder ſoil and bleaker air,
And truſt for ſafety to a ſtranger's care;
What character, what turn thou wilt aſſume
From conſtant converſe with I know not whom;
Who there will court thy friendſhip, with what views,
And, artleſs as thou art, whom thou wilt chooſe;
Though much depends on what thy choice ſhall be,
Is all chance-medley, and unknown to me.
Can'ſt thou, the tear juſt trembling on thy lids,
And while the dreadful riſque foreſeen forbids;
Free too, and under no conſtraining force,
Unleſs the ſway of cuſtom warp thy courſe;
Lay ſuch a ſtake upon the loſing ſide,
Merely to gratify ſo blind a guide?
Thou canſt not! Nature, pulling at thine heart,
Condemns the unfatherly, the imprudent part.

Nor lay, *Go thither*, conſcious that
A brood of aſps, or quickſands in hi
Then, only governed by the ſelf-far
Of natural pity, ſend him not to ſch
No—guard him better. Is he not t
Thyſelf in miniature, thy fleſh, thy
And hopeſt thou not ('tis every fath
That, ſince thy ſtrength muſt with
And thou wilt need ſome comfort tc
Health's laſt farewell, a ſtaff of thine
That then, in recompenſe of all thy
Thy child ſhall ſhow reſpect to thy
Befriend thee, of all other friends be
And give thy life its only cordial left
Aware then how much danger inter
To compaſs that good end, forecaſt t
His heart, now paſſive, yields to thy
Secure it thine, its key is in thine ha
If thou defert thy charge, and thro

Either his gratitude ſhall hold him faſt,
And keep him warm and filial to the laſt;
Or, if he prove unkind (as who can ſay
But, being man, and therefore frail, he may?)
One comfort yet ſhall cheer thine aged heart,
Howe'er he ſlight thee, thou haſt done thy part.

Oh barbarous! wouldeſt thou with a Gothic ha
Pull down the ſchools—what!—all the ſchools i'
land;
Or throw them up to livery-nags and grooms,
Or turn them into ſhops and auction rooms?
A captious queſtion, ſir, (and your's is one)
Deſerves an anſwer ſimilar, or none.
Wouldeſt thou, poſſeſſor of a flock, employ
(Apprized that he is ſuch) a careleſs boy,
And feed him well, and give him handſome pay,
Merely to ſleep, and let them run aſtray?
Survey our ſchools and colleges, and ſee
A ſight not much unlike my ſimile.
From education, as the leading cauſe,
The public character its colour draws;
Thence the prevailing manners take their caſt,
Extravagant or ſober, looſe or chaſte.
And, though I would not advertiſe them yet,
Nor write on each—*This Building to be Let*,

A plan well worthy to supp
Yet, backward as they are,
To cultivate and keep the
(Forgive the crime) I wish
Or better managed, or cac

TO THE REV. MR. NEWTON.

AN INVITATION INTO THE COUNTRY.

I.

THE ſwallows in their torpid ſtate
Compoſe their uſeleſs wing,
And bees in hives as idly wait
The call of early ſpring.

II.

The keeneſt froſt that binds the ſtream,
The wildeſt wind that blows,
Are neither felt nor feared by them,
Secure of their repoſe.

III.

But man, all feeling and awake,
The gloomy ſcene ſurveys;
With preſent ills his heart muſt ake,
And pant for brighter days.

IV.

Old winter, halting o'er the mead,
Bids me and Mary mourn;
But lovely ſpring peeps o'er his head,
And whiſpers your return.

Shall chaſe him from th
And weave freſh garlands
To crown the ſmiling h

And, if a tear, that ſpeaks
Of happier times, appea
A glimpſe of joy, that we
Shall ſhine and dry the t

CATHARINA.

ADDRESSED TO MISS STAPLETON.

(NOW MRS. COURTNEY.)

She came—she is gone—we have met—
And meet perhaps never again;
The ſun of that moment is ſet,
And ſeems to have riſen in vain.
Catharina has fled like a dream—
(So vaniſhes pleaſure, alas!)
But has left a regret and eſteem,
That will not ſo ſuddenly paſs.

The laſt evening ramble we made,
Catharina, Maria, and I,
Our progreſs was often delayed
By the nightingale warbling nigh.
We pauſed under many a tree,
And much ſhe was charmed with a tone
Leſs ſweet to Maria and me,
Who had witneſſed ſo lately her own.

A HERMIT (or if 'chance you hold
That title now too trite and old)
A man, once young, who lived retired
As hermit could have well deſired,
His hours of ſtudy cloſed at laſt,
And finiſhed his conciſe repaſt,
Stoppled his cruſe, replaced his book
Within its cuſtomary nook,
And, ſtaff in hand, ſet forth to ſhare
The ſober cordial of ſweet air,
Like Iſaac, with a mind applied
To ſerious thought at evening-tide.
Autumnal rains had made it chill,
And from the trees, that fringed his hill,
Shades ſlanting at the cloſe of day
Chilled more his elfe delightful way,

In hope to baſk a little yet,
Juſt reached it when the ſun was ſet.
  Your hermit, young and jovial ſirs!
Learns ſomething from whate'er occurs—
And hence, he ſaid, my mind computes
The real worth of man's purſuits.
His object choſen, wealth or fame,
Or other ſublunary game,
Imagination to his view
Preſents it decked with every hue,
That can ſeduce him not to ſpare
His powers of beſt exertion there,
But youth, health, vigour to expend
On ſo deſirable an end.
Ere long approach life's evening ſhades,
The glow that fancy gave it fades;
And, earned too late, it wants the grace,
Which firſt engaged him in the chaſe.
  True, anſwered an angelic guide,
Attendant at the ſenior's ſide—
But whether all the time it coſt
To urge the fruitleſs chaſe be loſt,
Much be decided by the worth
Of that, which called his ardour forth.
Trifles purſued, whate'er the event,
Muſt cauſe him ſhame or diſcontent;

Is paid, at leaſt in peace of mind,
And ſenſe of having well deſigned;
And if, ere he attain his end,
His ſun precipitate deſcend,
A brighter prize than that he meant
Shall recompenſe his mere intent.
No virtuous wiſh can bear a date
Either too early or too late.

THE FAITHFUL FRIEND.

The green-houſe is my ſummer ſeat;
My ſhrubs diſplaced from that retreat
Enjoyed the open air;
Two goldfinches, whoſe ſprightly ſong,
Had been their mutual ſolace long,
Lived happy priſoners there.

They ſang, as blithe as finches ſing,
That flutter looſe on golden wing,
And frolic where they lift;
Strangers to liberty, 'tis true,
But that delight they never knew,
And therefore never miſſed.

But nature works in every breaſt;
Inſtinct is never quite ſuppreſſed;
And Dick felt ſome deſires,
Which, after many an effort vain,
Inſtructed him at length to gain
A paſs between his wires.

...continued ;
And Dick, although his way was c
Was much too generous and fincer
To leave his friend behind.

For, ſettling on his grated roof,
He chirped and kiſſed him, giving p
That he deſired no more ;
Nor would forſake his cage at laſt,
Till gently ſeized, I ſhut him faſt,
A priſoner as before.

Oh ye, who never knew the joys
Of Friendſhip, ſatisfied with noiſe,
Fandango, ball, and rout !
Bluſh, when I tell you how a bird,
A priſon with a friend preferred
To liberty without.

THE NEEDLESS ALARM.

A TALE.

:E is a field, through which I often paſs,
: overſpread with moſs and ſilky graſs,
ning cloſe to Kilwick's echoing wood,
e oft the bitch-fox hides her hapleſs brood,
ved to ſolace many a neighbouring 'ſquire,
he may follow them through brake and briar,
ıſion hazarding of neck, or ſpine,
h rural gentlemen call ſport divine.
row brook, by ruſhy banks concealed,
ın a bottom, and divides the field;
interſperſe it, that had once a head,
ow wear crefts of oven-wood inſtead;
where the land ſlopes to its watery bourn,
yawns a gulph beſide a ragged thorn;
s line the ſides, but ſhivered long ago,
horrid brambles intertwine below;
llow ſcooped, I judge in ancient time,
aking earth, or burning rock to lime.

... when the neidfar
Nor autumn yet had bru
With her chill hand, the
But corn was houſed, an
Now therefore iſſued fort
With tails high mounted,
With a whole gamut fille
For which, alas! my deft
Though ears ſhe gave me
The ſun, accompliſhing
His lamp now planted on
When, exerciſe and air m
And heedleſs whither, to t
Ere yet with ruthleſs joy th
Told hill and dale that Rey
Or with the high-raiſed hor
All Kilwick * and all Dingl
Sheep grazed the field; ſo
The herb as ſoft, while nibb

But when the huntſman, with diſtended cheek,
'Gan make his inſtrument of muſic ſpeak,
And from within the wood that craſh was heard,
Though not a hound from whom it burſt appeared,
The ſheep recumbent, and the ſheep that grazed,
All huddling into phalanx, ſtood and gazed,
Admiring, terrified, the novel ſtrain,
Then courſed the field around, and courſed it round again;
But, recollecting with a ſudden thought,
That flight in circles urged advanced them nought,
They gathered cloſe around the old pit's brink,
And thought again—but knew not what to think.

The man to ſolitude accuſtomed long,
Perceives in every thing that lives a tongue;
Not animals alone, but ſhrubs and trees,
Have ſpeech for him, and underſtood with eaſe;
After long drought, when rains abundant fall,
He hears the herbs and flowers rejoicing all;
Knows what the freſhneſs of their hue implies,
How glad they catch the largeſs of the ſkies;
But, with preciſion nicer ſtill, the mind
He ſcans of every loco-motive kind;
Birds of all feather, beaſts of every name,
That ſerve mankind, or ſhun them, wild or tame;
The looks and geſtures of their griefs and fears
Have all articulation in his ears;

To win due credence to what follows

Awhile they muſed; ſurveying eve
Thou hadſt ſuppoſed them of ſuperior
Their periwigs of wool, and fears com
Stamped on each countenance ſuch m
That ſage they ſeemed, as lawyers o'e
Which, puzzling long, at laſt they pu
Or academic tutors, teaching youths,
Sure ne'er to want them, mathematic
When thus a mutton, ſtatelier than t
A ram, the ewes and wethers ſad, add

Friends . we have lived too long.

Sounds ſuch as theſe, ſo worthy to be
Could I believe that winds for ages pe
In earth's dark womb have found at la
And from their priſon-houſe below ar
With all theſe hideous howlings to the
I could be much compoſed, nor ſhoul

ıould deem it by our old companion made,
ıe aſs; for he, we know, has lately ſtrayed,
nd being loſt perhaps, and wandering wide,
light be ſuppoſed to clamour for a guide.
ut ah! thoſe dreadful yells what ſoul can hear,
hat owns a carcaſe, and not quake for fear?
demons produce them doubtleſs, brazen-clawed
nd fanged with braſs the dæmons are abroad;
hold it therefore wiſeſt and moſt fit,
hat life to ſave, we leap into the pit.
Him anſwered then his loving mate and true,
ut more diſcreet than he, a Cambrian ewe.
How? leap into the pit our life to ſave?
'o ſave our life leap all into the grave?
'or can we find it leſs? Contemplate firſt
'he depth how awful! falling there, we burſt;
)r ſhould the brambles, interpoſed, our fall
n part abate, that happineſs were ſmall;
For with a race like theirs no chance I ſee
Of peace or eaſe to creatures clad as we.
Meantime, noiſe kills not. Be it Dapple's bray,
Or be it not, or be it whoſe it may,
And ruſh thoſe other ſounds, that ſeem by tongues
Of dæmons uttered, from whatever lungs,
Sounds are but ſounds, and till the cauſe appear
We have at leaſt commodious ſtanding here.

For Reynard, cloſe attended at his h
By panting dog, tired man, and ſpat
Through mere good fortune, took a
The flock grew calm again, and I, th
Following, that led me to my own a
Much wondered that the ſilly ſheep
Such cauſe of terror in an empty ſou
So ſweet to huntſman, gentleman, a

MORAL.

Beware of deſperate ſteps. The dark
Live till to-morrow, will have paſſed a

BOADICEA.

AN ODE.

I.

When the Britiſh warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counſel of her country's gods,

II.

Sage beneath the ſpreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Every burning word he ſpoke
Full of rage, and full of grief.

III.

Princeſs! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchleſs wrongs,
'Tis becauſe reſentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

IV.

Rome ſhall periſh—write that word
In the blood that ſhe has ſplit;
Periſh, hopeleſs and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

Trampies on a thouſand ſtate
Soon her pride ſhall kiſs the gro
Hark! the Gaul is at her gate

VI.

Other Romans ſhall ariſe,
Heedleſs of a ſoldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, ſhall win the
Harmony the path to fame.

VII.

Then the progeny that ſprings
From the foreſts of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with w
Shall a wider world command

VIII.

Regions Cæſar never knew
Thy poſterity ſhall ſway;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.

X.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow:
Rushed to battle, fought, and died;
Dying hurled them at the foe.

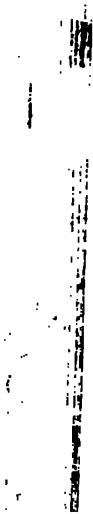
XI.

Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait for you.

HEROISM.

THERE was a time when Ætna's filen
Slept unperceived, the mountain yet e
When, conscious of no danger from b
She towered a cloud-capt pyramid of
No thunders shook with deep intestin
The blooming groves, that girdled he
Her unctuous olives, and her purple v
(Unfelt the fury of those bursting mir
The peasant's hopes, and not in vain,
In peace upon her sloping sides matu
When on a day, like that of the last
A conflagration labouring in her wo
She teemed and heaved with an inf
That shook the circling seas and st

avoc and devaſtation in the van,
marches o'er the proſtrate works of man;
nes, olives, herbage, foreſts diſappear,
d all the charms of a Sicilian year.
Revolving ſeaſons, fruitleſs as they paſs,
e it an uninformed and idle maſs;
ithout a ſoil to invite the tiller's care,
blade, that might redeem it from deſpair.
t time at length (what will not time achieve?)
othes it with earth, and bids the produce live.
ice more the ſpiry myrtle crowns the glade,
id ruminating flocks enjoy the ſhade.
i bliſs precarious, and unſafe retreats,
i charming paradiſe of ſhort-lived ſweets!
e ſelf-ſame gale, that wafts the fragrance round,
ngs to the diſtant ear a ſullen ſound:
ain the mountain feels the impriſoned foe,
ain pours ruin on the vale below.
a thouſand ſwains the wafted ſcene deplore,
at only future ages can reſtore.
'e monarchs, whom the lure of honour draws,
o write in blood the merits of your cauſe,
o ſtrike the blow, then plead your own defence;
ry your aim, but juſtice your pretence;
old in Ætna's emblematic fires
: miſchiefs your ambitious pride inſpires!



Sti[illegible]ions of peace, their neighbour
[illegible]-fated race! how deeply muſt th
Their only crime, vicinity to you!
The trumpet ſounds, your legions
Through the ripe harveſt lies their
At every ſtep beneath their feet the
The life of myriads, a nation's b
Earth ſeems a garden in its loveliet
Before them, and behind a wildern
Famine, and peſtilence, her firſt-bo
Attend to finiſh what the ſword be
And echoing praiſes, ſuch as fiend
An[illegible]ly pays, reſound at your ret
A[illegible] ſucceeds—but plenty, with
Of [illegible]-ſo[illegible]joys, ſucceeds not ſoo
And years of pining indigence muſt
What ſcourges are the gods that ru
Yet man, laborious man by ſlow

Increaſing commerce and reviving art
Renew the quarrel on the conquerors part;
And the ſad leſſon muſt be learned once more,
That wealth within is ruin at the door.
What are ye, monarchs, laurelled heroes, ſay,
But Ætnas of the ſuffering world ye ſway?
Sweet nature, ſtripped of her embroidered robe,
Deplores the waſted regions of her globe;
And ſtands a witneſs at truth's awful bar,
To prove you there, deſtroyers as ye are.
Oh place me in ſome heaven-protected iſle,
Where peace, and equity, and freedom ſmile;
Where no volcano pours his fiery flood,
No' creſted warrior dips his plume in blood;
Where power ſecures what induſtry has won;
Where to ſucceed is not to be undone;
A land, that diſtant tyrants hate in vain,
In Britain's iſle, beneath a George's reign!

MY MOTHER'S PIC

OUT OF NORFOLK.

THE GIFT OF MY COUSIN ANN B

Oh that thoſe lips had language! Life ha
With me but roughly ſince I heard thee la
Thoſe lips are thine—thy own ſweet ſmil
The ſame, that oft in childhood ſolac'd
Voice only fails, elſe, how diſtinct they ſ
"Grieve not, my child, chaſe all thy fea
The meek intelligence of thoſe dear eye
(Bleſt be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles time's tyrannic clai
To quench it) here ſhines on me ſtill th
Faithful remembrancer of one ſo de
Oh welcome gueſt, though unexpecte

l ſteep me in Elyſian reverie,
omentary dream, that thou art ſhe.
y mother! when I learned that thou waſt dead,
waſt thou conſcious of the tears I ſhed?
ered thy ſpirit o'er thy ſorrowing ſon,
tch even then, life's journey juſt begun?
aps thou gaveſt me, though unſeen, a kiſs;
aps a tear, if ſouls can weep in bliſs—
hat maternal ſmile! it anſwers—Yes.
ard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
r the hearſe, that bore thee ſlow away,
, turning from my nurſery window, drew
ng, long ſigh, and wept a laſt adieu!
was it ſuch?—It was.—Where thou art gone
us and farewells are a ſound unknown.
I but meet thee on that peaceful ſhore,
parting ſound ſhall paſs my lips no more!
maidens, grieved themſelves at my concern,
ave me promiſe of a quick return.
t ardently I wiſhed, I long believed,
, diſappointed ſtill, was ſtill deceived.
iſappointment every day beguiled,
: of *to-morrow* even from a child.
; many a ſad to-morrow came and went,
all my ſtock of infant ſorrow ſpent,

Children not thine have
And where the gardene
Drew me to ſchool alon
Delighted with my baub
In ſcarlet mantle warm,
'Tis now become a hiſto
That once we called the
Short lived poſſeſſion! bu
That memory keeps of all
Still outlives many a ſtorm
A thouſand other themes
Thy nightly viſits to my cl
That thou mighteſt know
Thy morning bounties ere
The biſcuit, or confectionar
The fragrant waters on my c
By thy own hand, till freſh
All this, and more endearing

Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but ſincere,
Not ſcorned in heaven, though little noticed here.
Could time, his flight reverſed, reſtore the hours,
When, playing with thy veſture's tiſſued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jeſſamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin,
(And thou waſt happier than myſelf the while,
Wouldſt ſoftly ſpeak, and ſtroke my head and ſmile)
Could thoſe few pleaſant hours again appear,
Might one wiſh bring them, would I wiſh them here?
I would not truſt my heart—the dear delight
Seems ſo to be deſired, perhaps I might.—
But no—what here we call our life is ſuch,
So little to be loved, and thou ſo much,
That I ſhould ill requite thee to conſtrain
Thy unbound ſpirit into bonds again.
Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coaſt
(The ſtorms all weathered and the ocean croſſed)
Shoots into port at ſome well-havened iſle,
Where ſpices breathe and brighter ſeaſons ſmile,
There ſits quieſcent on the floods, that ſhow
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incenſe play
Around her, fanning light her ſtreamers gay;

So thou, w...

" Where tempefts never ...

And thy loved conſort on the dangerous t...

Of life, long ſince, has anchored at thy ſide.

But me, ſcarce hoping to attain that reſt,

Always from port withheld, always diſtreſſe...

Me howling winds drive devious, tempeſt t...

Sails ript, ſeams opening wide, and compaſ...

And day by day ſome current's thwarting ...

Sets me more diſtant from a proſperous c...

But oh the thought, that thou art ſafe, a...

That thought is joy, arrive what may to...

My boaſt is not that I deduce my birth...

From loins enthroned, and rulers of th...

But higher far my proud pretenſions r...

The ſon of parents paſſed into the ſki...

And now, farewell—time unrevoked ...

His wonted courſe, yet what I wiſh...

By contemplation's help, not ſough...

... to have lived my childhood ...

... ...ows that onc...

AN EPISTLE

TO

ROTESTANT LADY IN FRANCE.

ANGER's purpoſe in theſe lays
ratulate, and not to praiſe.
ıe creature her Creator's due
in me, and an offence to you.
n to man, or ev'n to woman paid,
he medium of a knaviſh trade,
r craft for folly's uſe deſigned,
and only current with the blind.

ıth of ſorrow, and that path alone,
the land where ſorrow is unknown;
ler ever reached that bleſt abode,
nd not thorns and briars in his road.
d may dance along the flowery plain,
as they go by many a ſprightly ſtrain,

But he, who knew what human hearts
How ſlow to learn the dictates of his lo
That hard by nature and of ſtubborn w
A life of eaſe would make them harder
In pity to the ſinners he deſigned
To reſcue from the ruins of mankind,
Called for a cloud to darken all their ye
And ſaid, " go ſpend them in the vale
Oh balmy gales of ſoul-reviving air,
Oh ſalutary ſtreams that murmur there
Theſe flowing from the fount of grace a
Thoſe breathed from lips of everlaſting
The flinty ſoil indeed their feet annoys
And ſudden ſorrow nips their ſpringing
An envious world will interpoſe its fro
To m - delights ſuperior to its own,
And many a pang, experienced ſtill wi
Reminds them of their hated inmate, ſ

ı, be not ſad, although thy lot be caſt
rom the flock, and in a diſtant waſte!
hepherd's tents within thy view appear,
the chief Shepherd is for ever near;
tender ſorrows and thy plaintive ſtrain
r in a foreign land, but not in vain;
tears all iſſue from a ſource divine,
every drop beſpeaks a Saviour thine—
as thus in Gideon's fleece the dews were found,
drought on all the drooping herbs around.

FRIENDSHIP.

What virtue or what mental grace
But men unqualified and baſe
Will boaſt it their poſſeſſion?
Profuſion apes the noble part
Of liberality of heart,
And dulneſs of diſcretion.

If every poliſhed gem we find
Illuminating heart or mind,
Provoke to imitation;
No wonder friendſhip does the ſame,
That jewel of the pureſt flame,
Or rather conſtellation.

No knave but boldly will pretend
The requiſities that form a friend,

Candid and generous and juſt,
Boys care but little whom they truſt,
An error ſoon corrected—
For who but learns in riper years,
That man, when ſmoſtheſt he appears,
Is moſt to be ſuſpected?

But here again a danger lies,
Leſt, having miſapplied our eyes
And taken traſh for treaſure,
We ſhould unwarily conclude
Friendſhip a falſe ideal good,
A mere Utopian pleaſure.

An acquiſition rather rare
Is yet no ſubject of deſpair;
Nor is it wiſe complaining,
If either on forbidden ground,
Or where it was not to be found,
We ſought without attaining.

No friendſhip will abide the teſt,
That ſtands on ſordid intereſt,
Or mean ſelf-love erected;
Nor ſuch as may awhile ſubſiſt,
Between the ſot and ſenſualiſt,
For vicious ends connected.

The graces and
That form the cha
For 'tis an union,
Reciprocated du

Mutual attention is
And equal truth on
And conſtantly ſt
'Tis ſenſeleſs arroga
Another of ſinifter v
Our own as much

But will ſincerity ſuffi
It is indeed above all
And muſt be made
But every virtue of the
Muſt conſtitute the ch
All ſhining in their p

A fretful tem-

In vain the talkative unite
In hopes of permanent delight—
  The ſecret juſt committed
Forgetting its important weight,
They drop through mere deſire to prate,
  And by themſelves outwitted.

How bright ſoe'er the proſpect ſeems,
All thoughts of friendſhip are but dreams
  If envy chance to creep in;
An envious man, if you ſucceed,
May prove a dangerous foe indeed,
  But not a friend worth keeping.

As envy pines at good poſſeſſed,
So jealouſy looks forth diſtreſſed
  On good, that ſeems approaching,
And if ſucceſs his ſteps attend,
Diſcerns a rival in a friend,
  And hates him for encroaching.

Hence authors of illuſtrious name,
Unleſs belied by common fame,
  Are ſadly prone to quarrel,
To deem the wit a friend diſplays
A tax upon their own juſt praiſe,
  And pluck each others laurel.

Will thruſt a dagger at your breaſt,
And ſay he wounded you in jeſt,
By way of balm for healing.

Whoever keeps an open ear
For tattlers, will be ſure to hear
The trumpet of contention;
Aſperſion is the babbler's trade,
To liſten is to lend him aid,
And ruſh into diſſention.

A friendſhip, that in frequent fits
Of controverſial rage emits
The ſparks of diſputation,
Like hand in hand inſurance plates,
Moſt unavoidably creates
The thought of conflagration.

Some fickle creatures boaſt a ſoul

The great and ſmall but rarely meet
On terms of amity complete,
  Plebeians muſt ſurrender,
And yield ſo much to noble folk,
It is combining fire with ſmoke,
  Obſcurity with ſplendour.

Some are ſo placid and ſerene
(As Iriſh bogs are always green)
  They ſleep ſecure from waking;
And are indeed a bog, that bears
Your unparticipated cares
  Unmoved and without quaking.

Courtier and patriot cannot mix
Their heterogeneous politics
  Without an effervеſcence,
Like that of ſalts with lemon juice,
Which does not yet like that produce
  A friendly coaleſcence.

Religion ſhould extinguiſh ſtrife,
And make a calm of human life;
  But friends that chance to differ
On points, which God has left at large,
How freely will they meet and charge,
  No combatants are ſtiffer!

No cutting and contriving
Seeking a real friend we ſeem
To adopt the chymiſts golden dream,
With ſtill leſs hope of thriving.

Sometimes the fault is all our own,
Some blemiſh in due time made known
By treſpaſs or omiſſion;
Sometimes occaſion brings to light
Our friend's defect long hid from ſight,
And even from ſuſpicion.

Then judge yourſelf, and prove your man
As circumſpectly as you can,
And having made election,
Beware no negligence of yours,
Such as a friend but ill endures,
Enfeeble his affection.

That ſecrets are a ſacred truſt,

But 'tis not timber, lead, and ſtone,
An architect requires alone
To finiſh a fine building—
The palace were but half complete,
If he could poſſibly forget
The carving and the gilding.

The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumps upon your back
How he eſteems your merit,
Is ſuch a friend, that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed
To pardon or to bear it.

As ſimilarity of mind,
Or ſomething not to be defined,
Firſt fixes our attention;
So manners decent and polite,
The ſame we practiſed at firſt ſight,
Muſt ſave it from declenſion.

Some act upon this prudent plan,
"Say little and hear all you can."
Safe policy, but hateful—
So barren ſands imbibe the ſhower,
But render neither fruit nor flower,
Unpleaſant and ungrateful.

The man -
Shall find me as referved —
No ſubterfuge or pleading
Shall win my confidence again;
I will by no means entertain
A ſpy on my proceeding.

Theſe ſamples—for alas! at laſt
Theſe are but ſamples, and a taſte
Of evils yet unmentioned—
May prove the talk a talk indeed,
In which 'tis much if we ſucceed
However well-intentioned.

Purſue the ſearch, and you will find
Good ſenſe and knowledge of mankind
To be at leaſt expedient,
And after ſumming all the reſt,
Religion ruling in the breaſt
A principal ingredient.

Whin ever ſhewn

h Friendſhip! if my ſoul forego
ıy dear delights while here below;
To mortify and grieve me,
ıay I myſelf at laſt appear
Unworthy, baſe, and inſincere,
Or may my friend deceive me!

Subjoined to the Yearly Bill of Mortality
Pariſh of

ALL-SAINTS, NORTHAMPTO

Anno Domini 1787.

Pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum
Regumque turres.

Pale death with equal foot ſtrikes wide th
Of royal halls, and hovels of the poor.

WHILE thirteen moons ſaw ſmoothly ru
The Nen's barge-laden wave,
All theſe, life's rambling journey done,
Have found their home, the grave.

No; theſe were vigorous as their ſires,
Nor plague nor famine came;
This annual tribute death requires,
And never waves his claim.

Like crowded foreſt-trees we ſtand,
And ſome are marked to fall;
The axe will ſmite at God's command,
And ſoon ſhall ſmite us all.

Green as the bay-tree, ever green,
With its new foliage on,
The gay, the thoughtleſs, I have ſeen,
I paſſed—and they were gone.

Read, ye that run, the ſolemn truth,
With which I charge my page;
A worm is in the bud of youth,
And at the root of age.

No preſent health can health inſure
For yet an hour to come;
No medicine, though it often cure,
Can always baulk the tomb.

Theſe truths, these—
I may not teach in vain.

So prays your clerk with all his heart,
And ere he quits the pen,
Begs *you* for once to take *his* part
And anſwer all—Amen!

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION

FOR THE YEAR 1788.

Quod adest, memento
Componere æquus. Cætera fluminis
Ritu feruntur.

Improve the preſent hour, for all be
Is a mere feather on a torrent's tide

How each would trembling wait the mournful ſheet,
On which the preſs might ſtamp him next to die;
And, reading here his ſentence, how replete
With anxious meaning, heaven-ward turn his eye!

Time then would ſeem more precious than the joys,
In which he ſports away the treaſure now;
And prayer more ſeaſonable than the noiſe
Of drunkards, or the muſic-drawing bow.

Then doubtleſs many a trifler, on the brink
Of this world's hazardous and headlong ſhore,
Forced to a pauſe, would feel it good to think,
Told that his ſetting ſun muſt riſe no more.

Ah ſelf-deceived! Could I prophetic ſay
Who next is fated, and who next to fall,
The reſt might then ſeem privileged to play;
But, naming *none*, the Voice now ſpeaks to ALL.

Obſerve the dappled foreſters, how light
They bound, and airy o'er the ſunny glade—
One falls—the reſt, wide-ſcattered with affright,
Vaniſh at once into the darkeſt ſhade.

A thouſand awful admonitions icorne
Die ſelf-accuſed of life run all to waſt

Sad waſte! for which no after-thrift a
The grave admits no cure for guilt or
Dew-drops may deck the turf that hid
But tears of godly grief ne'er flow witl

Learn then ye living! by the mouths
Of all theſe ſepulchres, inſtructors tru
That, ſoon or late, death alſo is your
And the next opening grave may yaw

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

FOR THE YEAR 1789.

—Placidaque ibi demum morte quievit.

VIRG.

There calm at length he breathed his ſoul away.

" OH moſt delightful hour by man
" Experienced here below,
" The hour that terminates his ſpan,
" His folly, and his woe!

" Worlds ſhould not bribe me back to tread
" Again life's dreary waſte,
" To ſee again my day o'erſpread
" With all the gloomy paſt.

" My home henceforth is in the ſkies,
" Earth, ſeas, and ſun adieu!
" All heaven unfolded to my eyes,
" I have no ſight for you."

The bofom of his God.

He was a man among the few
  Sincere on virtue's ſide;
And all his ſtrength from ſcripture drew,
  To heavly uſe applied.

That rule he prized, by that he feared,
  He hated, hoped, and loved;
Nor ever frowned, or ſad appeared,
  But when his heart had roved.

For he was frail as thou or I,
  And evil felt within:
But when he felt it, heaved a ſigh,
  And loathed the thought of ſin.

His joys be *mine*, each Reader cries,
When my laſt hour arrives:
They ſhall be yours, my Verſe replies,
Such only be your lives.

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

FOR THE YEAR 1790.

Ne commonentem recta sperne.
BUCHANAN.

Deſpiſe not my good counſel.

He who ſits from day to day,
Where the priſoned lark is hung,
Heedleſs of his loudeſt lay,
Hardly knows that he has ſung.

Where the watchman in his round
Nightly lifts his voice on high,
None accuſtomed to the ſound,
Wakes the ſooner for his cry.

And the foe's unerring aim.

Duly at my time I come,
Publiſhing to all aloud—
Soon the grave muſt be your home,
And your only ſuit, a ſhroud.

But the monitory ſtrain,
Oft repeated in your ears,
Seems to ſound too much in vain,
Wins no notice, wakes no fears.

Can a truth, by all confeſſed
Of ſuch magnitude and weight,
Grow, by being oft expreſſed,
Trivial as a parrot's prate?

Death and Judgment, Heaven and Hell—
These alone, so often heard,
No more move us than the bell
When some stranger is interred.

Oh then, ere the turf or tomb
Cover us from every eye,
Spirit of instruction come,
Make us learn that we must die.

ON A SIMILAR OCCA

FOR THE YEAR 179

Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere
Atque metus omnes et inexoral-ile fi
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Ach

Happy the mortal, who has traced
To their firſt cauſe, caſt fear bene
And Death, and roaring Hell's voi

THANKLESS for favours from on hig
Man thinks he fades too ſoon;
Though 'tis his privilege to die,
[illegible] improve the boon.

To ages in a world of pain,
To ages, where he goes
Galled by affliction's heavy chain,
And hopeleſs of repoſe.

Strange fondneſs of the human heart,
Enamoured of its harm!
Strange world, that coſts it ſo much ſmart,
And ſtill has power to charm.

Whence has the world her magic power?
Why deem we death a foe?
Recoil from weary life's beſt hour,
And covet longer woe?

The cauſe is Conſcience—Conſcience oft
Her tale of guilt renews:
Her voice is terrible though ſoft,
And dread of death enſues.

Then anxious to be longer ſpared
Man mourns his fleeting breath:
All evils then ſeem light, compared
With the approach of Death.

He has incurred a long
And muſt deſpair to p

Pay! — follow Chriſt, an
His death your peace i
Think on the grave when
And calm deſcend to *y*

ON A SIMILAR

FOR THE Y

De sacris autem hæc sit una

But let us all concur in t
things ſacred be inviolate.

To live to God is to requite
His love as beſt we may:
To make his precepts our delight,
His promiſes our ſtay.

But life, within a narrow ring
Of giddy joys comprized,
Is falſely named, and no ſuch thing,
But rather death diſguiſed,

Can life in them deſerve the name,
Who only live to prove
For what poor toys they can diſclaim
An endleſs life above?

Who, much diſeaſed, yet nothing feel;
Much menaced, nothing dread;
Have wounds, which only God can heal,
Yet never aſk his aid?

Who deem his houſe an uſeleſs place,
Faith, want of common ſenſe;
And ardour in the Chriſtian race,
A hypocrite's pretence?

Diſhonour with unhallowe
And worſhip chance alo

If ſcorn of God's commands
On word and deed, imply
The better part of man, unb
With life that cannot die;

Such want it, and that want
Till man reſigns his breath
Speaks him a criminal, aſſure
Of everlaſting death.

Sad period to a pleaſant courſe
Yet ſo will God repay
Sabbaths profaned without ren
And mercy caſt away.

INSCRIPTION

FOR

THE TOMB

OF

Mr. HAMILTON.

PAUSE here, and think: a monitory rhime
Demands one moment of thy fleeting time.
Conſult life's ſilent clock, thy bounding vein;
Seems it to ſay—"Health here has long to reign?"
Haſt thou the vigour of thy youth? an eye
That beams delight? an heart untaught to ſigh?
Yet fear. Youth, oftimes healthful and at eaſe,
Anticipates a day it never ſees;
And many a tomb, like HAMILTON's, aloud
Exclaims, "Prepare thee for an early ſhroud."

Till gentler Fate this man comes.

He, ſtill more aged, feels the ſhocks,
From which no care can ſave,
And, partner once of Tiney's box,
Muſt ſoon partake his grave.

EPITAPHIUM ALTERUM.

Hic etiam jacet,
Qui totum novennium vixit,
Puſs.
Siſte pauliſper,
Qui præteriturus es,
Et tecum ſic reputa—
Nunc neque canis venaticus,
Nec plumbum miſſile,
Nec laqueus,
Nec imbres nimii,
Confecêre
Tamen mortuus eſt—,
Et moriar ego.

In the year 1774, being much indisp
and body, incapable of diverting myself
pany or books, and yet in a condition
diversion necessary, I was glad of
would engage my attention without
children of a neighbour of mine had a l
for a plaything; it was at that time ab
old. Understanding better how to teaze
than to feed it, and, soon becoming wea
they readily consented that their father
ing and growing leaner every day, sh
acceptance. I was willing enough to
under my protection, perceiving that, in
of such an animal, and in the atten
should find just that sort of employmen
required. It was soon known among
that I was pleased with the present: an

Beſs. Notwithſtanding the two feminine appellatives, I muſt inform you that they were all males. Immediately commencing carpenter, I built them houſes to ſleep in; each had a ſeparate apartment, ſo contrived that their ordure would paſs through the bottom of it; an earthern pan placed under each received whatſoever fell, which being duly emptied and waſhed, they were thus kept perfectly ſweet and clean. In the day-time they had the range of a hall, and at night retired each to his own bed, never intruding into that of another.

Puſs grew preſently familiar, would leap into my lap, raiſe himſelf upon his hinder feet, and bite the hair from my temples. He would ſuffer me to take him up and to carry him about in my arms, and has more than once fallen faſt aſleep upon my knee. He was ill three days, during which time I nurſed him, kept him apart from his fellows, that they might not moleſt him (for, like many other wild animals, they perſecute one of their own ſpecies that is ſick), and by conſtant care, and trying him with a variety of herbs, reſtored him to perfect health. No creature could be more grateful than my patient after his recovery; a ſentiment which he moſt ſignificantly expreſſed by licking my hand, firſt the back of it, then the palm, then every finger ſeparately, then between all the fingers, as if anxious to leave no part of

once again upon [illegible]
tremely tractable, I made it my custom to [illegible]
ways after breakfaft into the garden, where he
felf generally under the leaves of a cucumber v
ing or chewing the cud till evening; in the l
of that vine he found a favourite repaft.
long habituated him to this taſte of liberty
began to be impatient for the return of the ti
might enjoy it. He would invite me to t
drumming upon my knee, and by a look of
ſion as it was not poſſible to miſinterpret.
toric did not immediately ſucceed, he w
ſkirt of my coat between his teeth, and pu
his force. Thus Puſs might be ſaid
tamed, the ſhyneſs of his nature was dor
the whole it was viſible by many ſym
have not room to enumerate, that he
human ſociety than when ſhut up with
[illegible] him the kin

was however very entertaining in his way; even his ſurlineſs was matter of mirth, and in his play he preſerved ſuch an air of gravity, and performed his feats with ſuch a ſolemnity of manner, that in him too I had an agreeable companion.

Beſs, who died ſoon after he was full grown, and whoſe death was occaſioned by his being turned into his box, which had been waſhed, while it was yet damp, was a hare of great humour and drollery. Puſs was tamed by gentle uſage, Tiney was not to be tamed at all; and Beſs had a courage and confidence that made him tame from the beginning. I always admitted them into the parlour after ſupper, when the carpet affording their feet a firm hold, they would friſk, and bound, and play a thouſand gambols, in which Beſs, being remarkably ſtrong and fearleſs, was always ſuperior to the reſt, and proved himſelf the Veſtris of the party. One evening the cat being in the room, had the hardineſs to pat Beſs upon the cheek, an indignity which he reſented by drumming upon her back with ſuch violence, that the cat was happy to eſcape from under his paws and hide herſelf.

I deſcribe theſe animals as having each a character of his own. Such they were in fact, and their counte-

rous his flock, soon becomes so familiar ... tures, that he can, by that indication only, each from all the reſt; and yet, to a comm the difference is hardly perceptible. I do the ſame diſcrimination in the caſt of counter be diſcoverable in hares, and am perſuaded t thouſand of them no two could be found exa a circumſtance little ſuſpected by thoſe, wh had opportunity to obſerve it. Theſe cr a ſingular ſagacity in diſcovering the mi ation that is made in the place to which th tomed, and inſtantly apply their noſe to the of a new object. A ſmall hole being burn pet, it was mended with a patch, and th moment underwent the ſtricteſt ſcrutiny. too to be very much directed by the ſmell i of their favourites: to ſome perſons, thoug them daily, they could never be reconciled even ſcream when they attempted to touch

nens of the kind has taught me to hold the ſportſman's
uſement in abhorrence ; he little knows what amiable
atures he perſecutes, of what gratitude they are capa-
, how cheerful they are in their ſpirits, what enjoyment
y have of life, and that impreſſed as they ſeem with a
uliar dread of man, it is only becauſe man gives them
uliar cauſe for it.

That I may not be tedious, I will juſt give a ſhort
mmary of thoſe articles of diet, that ſuit them beſt.

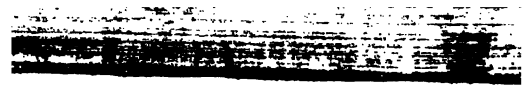
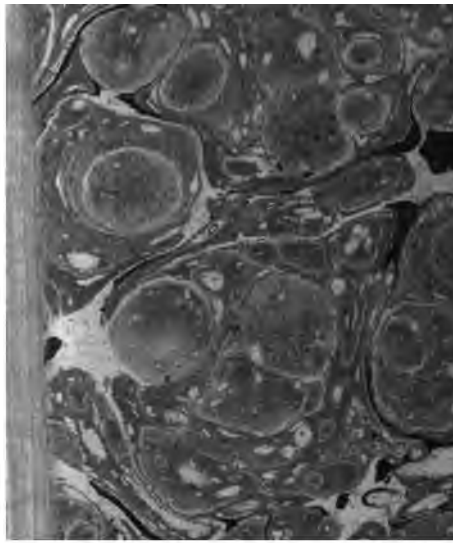
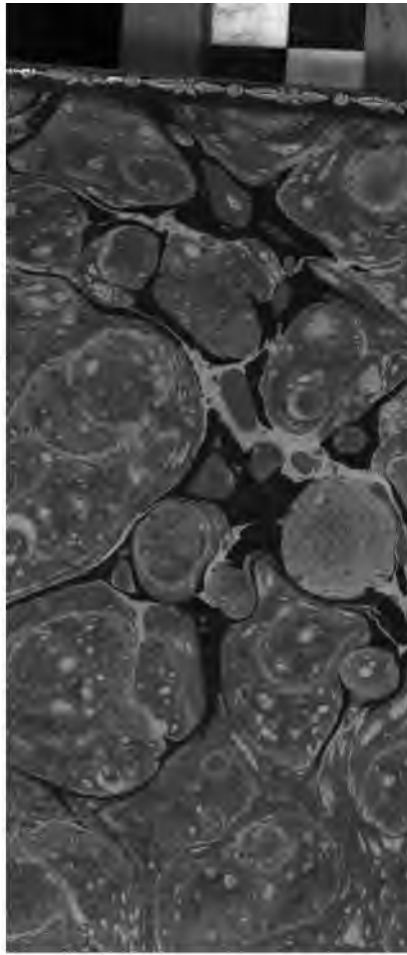
I take it to be a general opinion that they graze, but it
an erroneous one, at leaſt graſs is not their ſtaple ;
y ſeem rather to uſe it medicinally, ſoon quitting it
leaves of almoſt any kind. Sowthiſtle, dent-de-lion,
d lettuce, are their favourite vegetables, eſpecially the
t. I diſcovered by accident that fine white ſand is in
at eſtimation with them ; I ſuppoſe as a digeſtive.
happened that I was cleaning a bird-cage while the
res were with me ; I placed a pot filled with ſuch
id upon the floor, which being at once directed to by a
ong inſtinct, they devoured voraciouſly ; ſince that
ne I have generally taken care to ſee them well ſupplied
th it. They account green corn a delicacy, both blade
d ſtalk, but the ear they ſeldom eat : ſtraw of any
nd, eſpecially wheat-ſtraw, is another of their dainties ;

bed, and if ſhaken up d
for a conſiderable time.
aromatic herbs, but will e
great reliſh, and are parti
muſk ; they ſeem to reſer
paſture be too ſucculent
rot ; to prevent which, I
cipal nouriſhment, and fi
ſmall ſquares, placed it ev
for they feed only at evenin
winter, when vegetables
this meſs of bread with ſh
rind of apples cut extremely
fond of the paring, the appl
however not being a ſufficie
ſummer herbs, they muſt a
water ; but ſo placed that th
beds. I muſt not omit that
pleaſed with twigs of

years old, and died at laſt, I have reaſon to think, of ſome hurt in his loins by a fall; Puſs is ſtill living, and has juſt completed his tenth year, diſcovering no ſigns of decay, nor even of age, except that he is grown more diſcreet and leſs frolicſome than he was. I cannot conclude without obſerving, that I have lately introduced a dog to his acquaintance, a ſpaniel that had never ſeen a hare to a hare that had never ſeen a ſpaniel. I did it with great caution, but there was no real need of it. Puſs diſcovered no token of fear, nor Marquis the leaſt ſymptom of hoſtility. There is therefore, it ſhould ſeem, no natural antipathy between dog and hare, but the purſuit of the one occaſions the flight of the other, and the dog purſues becauſe he is trained to it: they eat bread at the ſame time out of the ſame hand, and are in all reſpects ſociable and friendly.

I ſhould not do complete juſtice to my ſubject did I not add, that they have no ill ſcent belonging to them, that they are indefatigably nice in keeping themſelves clean, for which purpoſe nature has furniſhed them with a bruſh under each foot; and that they are never infeſted by any vermin.

MAY 28, 1784.

This day died poor Puis, aged [illegible] months. She died between twelve and one at mere old age, and apparently without pain.

THE END.